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Original Poetry.

TO THE BRANDYWINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

BY J. B. TAYLOR.

Again upon my view,
Thou com'st in quiet beauty, gentle stream!
Upon thy waves, the clust'ring foliage through,
Floats the soft summer beam.

Tall trees above thee bend,
That cast dark shadows on thy swelling breast;
And falls the mellow light in hues that blend,
Soft as the sunset west.

And massy rocks arise,
To whose gray sides the glossy smilax cleaves,
While in the clefts the fox's timorous eyes
Peep from the clust'ring leaves.

The pendant willows dip
Their long boughs o'er, and in the waters lave;
And stoops the modest golden cup, to sip
The brightly flowing wave.

Thou wind'st thro' meadows green,
Fringed with tall grass, and graceful bending fern;
And down thro' glades to join thee, many a stream
Leaps from its mountain urn.

Thou fill'st the silent dell
With toneful murmurings, like a half-breathed prayer
Lifting thy chant, to join the hymns that swell
From temples everywhere.

When evening draws her veil
Across the sunset clouds, the moon above
Looks softly down, and stars are mirror'd pale,—
Pure as a dream of love.

In sunnier climes than ours,
Glide brighter streams, o'er sands of golden hue,
And course their way beneath o'ershadowing flowers
And skies of fadeless blue.

Yet still around thy name,
A halo lingers, never to decay,
For thou hast seen, of old, young Freedom's flame,
Beaming with glorious ray.

And once thy peaceful tide
Was fill'd with life-blood from bold hearts and brave;
And heroes on thy verdant margin died,
The land they loved to save.

These vales so calm and still,
Once saw the foeman's charge—the bayonets gleam;
And heard the thunders roll from hill to hill,
From morn till sunset's beam.

Yet in thy glorious beauty, now,
Unchanged thou art as when War's clarion peal
Rang o'er thy waves, and on yon green hill's brow,
Glittered the serried steel.

And still thy name shall be
A watchword for the brave of Freedom's clime,
And every patriot's heart will turn to thee,
As in the olden time.

Original Tales.

THE GRAYS AND GREENS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"Mid the calm of that small town, they filled
Daily its bowling-green with harmless strife,
Plagued with uncharitable thoughts the church,
And vex'd the market place."—*Wordsworth.*

Happy it was for the rival families of B——, that our enlightened century had dawned before their feuds began, for severally enriched, the Grays and the Greens, with all that constitutes good haters, might in a darker epoch, have transmitted their names as a proverb equally melancholy with those of the Guelphs and the Ghibelines. The Grays were the patricians of the village, in right of an ancestor on the maternal side, who belonged to the first Congress, for, like many others similarly descended, they seemed to presume that the worthies of that respectable body, in declaring that all men were created equal, had made a mental reservation in favor of their own posterity. For a generation, "this right there was none to dispute," but at length the Greens sprang up, on the foundation of wealth, and, as *nouveaux hommes*, were received with an animosity proportioned to their pretensions.

Counting uncles, aunts, cousins of different degrees, besides "connections," at least half the village was divided between the two factions; but we shall pass over the minor ranks, and address ourselves to their respective heads. These were Marcus Gray and Morris Green. The former was a tall, saturnine personage, of dignified and scrupulously condescending manners. By proving his own thorough consciousness of his importance, he seldom failed to inspire others with a conviction of it. His dress, too, aided the impression, for whatever changes of mode took place, that exhibited no variation. His hair was always queued and powdered, his bosom covered with wide plaited ruffles, and his shoes adorned with massy silver buckles. He walked with a slow step, an elevated head, and unbending knees, and the opinion of our business-people was confirmed by his gait,—that Marcus Gray would not have stooped to pick up a speculation if it had lain in his way.

Morris Green was the very antipodes of his rival. He was short and thick in person, plain and hearty in manners. In his dress he took pains to be careless, —"lest folks should say that he was proud;" though he always wore the finest broad-cloth to let them see that he could afford it. He was active, brisk and restless, always appearing on the lookout for the main chance. Though punctual and calculating in his habits, he was liberal and accommodating, and though rather ostentatious, he was sincerely generous and kind-hearted. He was as much the pride of the democracy of the neighborhood, as his opponent was the model of the self-constituted aristocracy.

Their dwellings were as different as themselves. That of Mr. Gray, the pride of his heart, was a spacious structure of stone, erected by his family two generations back. Its thick walls, small windows, and confined, though numerous apartments, attested its antiquity, and he valued them accordingly; while its carved window-frames and chimney-pieces within, and its massy sandstone-steps, elaborate cornices, and pointed door-ways without, showed that it had, in its better days, been a mansion of much pretension. There were extensive gardens around it, with fine old trees, and abundance of venerable shrubbery, but though it bore evident marks of care and industry, there were still more of decay, and of the lack of the renovating power of money.

Mr. Green, on the contrary, always changed his abode as the fashion changed, selling the old one to advantage, and building another, whenever an improved model was introduced. His present, and, what he had decided, should be his permanent residence,—if he did not change his mind, was in provoking contiguity to Mr. Gray's, being directly across the street, and staring full on its front. To the beholder it was difficult to realize that it had been constructed in its present locality. It looked as if it had been completed down to the shining door-plate and bell-handle, and transported hither from a fashionable city street. It was a stylish brick house, three stories high, with imposing marble steps, and large windows, clear and bright as polished crystal. It stood close on the street, with a brick pavement in front, bordered by a row of small shade trees in clean wooden boxes. The garden was secured by a high wall, surmounted with an array of bristling iron spikes, over which, here and there, shot a few branches of half grown trees. The imitation in the interior was quite as perfect; its owner seemed to do nothing by halves, and his marble mantles, mahogany doors, and costly furniture were the boast of the whole host of his partisans.

Their different styles of living were in keeping with everything else. The Grays made a virtue of necessity and were economical of their hospitality. They seldom invited company, regretting that there was so little of sufficient gentility to invite. The Greens entertained everybody within the pale of respectability, because when they were so well prepared for it, it would have been a pity to neglect their advantages. The Grays made select tea-parties; the Greens gave bountiful dinners. In short, there was no end to the contrasts, and each contrast by exciting envy or disdain, widened the breach.

Mr. Gray was a widower. His wife, an amiable, lady-like woman, who had never taken part in the family piques and jealousies, had died, leaving her children, four little girls, to the superintendence of their prime instigator and conservator. This was her husband's sister, Miss Priscilla Gray, a maiden lady of indefinite age. She, it was hinted, had a sinister reason for her dislike to the Greens; that in her earlier days, she would willingly have forgave the immunities of her rank for a share in the substantial comforts of Morris Green, who had disappointed her by making another choice, and indirectly insulted her by choosing a partner, her very opposite in all things upon which she most prided herself. Independant of this subject, she fulfilled her trust with much fidelity, and her little charges, at least the three oldest, being of quiet and tractable dispositions, grew from their cradle, each a miniature of Miss Priscilla. They were tall, pale, slender young things, seldom seen in the streets of the village, except when pacing staid and demurely to and from school, with their hands, necks and faces closely muffled, summer and winter, to preserve the fairness of their complexions. They were the wonder and scorn of the juvenile Greens, and the favorite pity of their bluff, good-hearted mother, whose compassion was usually vented once a week, after leaving the only place of general rencontre, the church, in terms somewhat like the following.

"Those poor distressed-looking little Grays,—it makes me feel sorry every time I see them! they are spindling up in the very image of their aunt Priscilla. She has mewed them from sun and air until they always remind me of potatoe sprouts growing in a dark cellar! I dare say she half starves them to keep them looking delicate and genteel. And their clothing too; they seem afraid even to move, lest they should get creases in it. It is quite unnatural for children to be so prim,—though, to be sure it is nothing but proper for people in their circumstances to teach their families to be careful and economical; and Miss Priscilla has done her share at that. From present appearances, their little straw bonnets will never wear out,—she has bleached and bleached them with brimstone until it is unpleasant to go near them; and the ribbon, I am positive, she has dyed it not less than three times, after having worn it white herself! their everlasting white frocks too, she makes a variety of them by putting new bodies to the skirts one year, and new skirts to the bodies the next. I would not be guilty of despising people on account of their poverty, but it is no sin to hold them up as a warning when they are ashamed of it themselves, and are so puffed up with pride along with it. As to the little one,—little Meggie,—she is a sweet child, and no more like the Grays than if she had been a Green; just bring her here, children, whenever you can steal her off, and I'll let her have a romp through the garden, and a feast that she will remember till she comes again. It would be outrageous to allow her to be starched and starved into a premature old maid by her aunt Priscilla."

As a counterbalance to this, the remarks of Miss Priscilla were such as these: "Really, to encounter that vulgar-looking, purse-proud Mrs. Morris Green and her over-dressed little hoydens of daughters, is enough to make any one nervous. The children are actually as coarse and ungenteel in appearance as their parents, which to me, is surprising, for one might suppose that self-made people would have some idea of their own deficiencies, and would make an effort to have their younger generation instructed in refinement. The manner in which they are tricked out is a perfect absurdity; elegant silk dresses and hats on children, with laces and jewelry, appear too ridiculous, particularly when so very unbecoming as to their broad common faces, and shapeless persons. You can mostly detect low bred people by their manner of bringing up their families. The only passable one of the set is the boy, who might, indeed, be taken for a gentleman's son—though I dare say he is wild and rude enough to prove his origin."

"He is a manly, promising lad, and would be a credit to any parentage," was sometimes the response of Mr. Gray, one of whose greatest grievances was that he had no son to retrieve the dignity of his house.

"Hartley Green is not a rude boy at all, aunt Priscilla; he turns the rope and pulls his sled up the hill for me whenever I ask him," argued little Margaret, Mrs. Green's favorite,—or, as she was commonly called, Meggie Gray.

"You think so, because you are as rude as he is, you naughty girl," aunt Priscilla would reply; "you will never be a lady in your life; it will be impossible ever to make anything of such a tom-boy."

It may be conjectured that the subject of this ominous prediction was not in the best favor with her aunt, who, notwithstanding could not help perceiving what every body assured her was the case, that she was the prettiest child, by far, in the family. She was, indeed, a lovely little creature, plump and rosy, and exhibiting the rare attraction of jet black hair, contrasting with skin of the purest white, and, with its curling tendrils, shading eyes of the clearest blue. She was the pet of the whole village, high and low, and not more so for her beauty than for her quick art, her ready tongue, and her happy and affectionate heart. In spite of the remonstrances of her well-trained little sisters, she was as often seen among the children of their poorest neighbors, as if there had not been a drop of revolutionary blood in her veins, and as often was detected playing ball and marbles with the boys, as if, in her aunt, she had not possessed the most fastidious instructress of feminine decorum in the world. Thus incorrigible, she had nearly completed her eighth year, and was regarded as a little outlaw, predestined by the low habits she could not fail to acquire, to bring certain disgrace upon her line.

About this time the whole household were thrown into commotion by an intimation of a visit from a sister of the late Mrs. Gray, a rich and childless widow. Mrs. Clyde had never been among them since their affairs were in a much more prosperous state, and great pains were taken by Miss Priscilla, before her arrival, to conceal, as much as possible, all vestiges of the change. She found the three eldest children able assistants in untrimming and re-trimming bonnets, putting up curtains, cleaning plate, rubbing furniture and dressing flower-vases, and amidst the consequent bustle, except occasionally receiving an entreaty to wear her bonnet and not get tanned, and to try to behave like a well-bred little girl, before her aunt, Meggie was left pretty much to her own desires. The day appointed for the beginning of the visit was Saturday, the jubilee of school children, and while her sisters were arraying themselves in their newly re-fitted muslin dresses in anxious expectancy, Meggie sallied out in quest of some more consonant occupation than sitting in state, dressed in a clean tight frock, and conning lessons in politeness. She had not gone far before she met her friend Hartley Green, a handsome, sprightly boy of fourteen, who, with a gun on one shoulder, and a fishing-rod on the other, seemed prepared for a day of sport.

"Where are you going, Hartley?" she asked.

"To hunt and to fish, and I am looking for some of the boys to go with me, for company. Suppose you come!"

The little girl's eyes danced at the invitation, but she hesitated and answered: "Aunt Priscilla won't let me play with boys—but—but—you are only one boy," she added, making up her mind, "and if you won't take any more, I believe I will go."

He assented readily, and avoiding the more public ways, lest Meggie should be seen by some of the family, they were soon out of the village, and tripping merrily along the bank of the river, on which it is situated. It was a balmy morning in September, and Meggie, forgetting all about aunt Priscilla, was at the height of enjoyment. She threw pebbles into the water, and counted its circles as they sunk; picked up muscle shells on the shore, gathered flowers in the fence-corners, and knocked down apples from the road side trees, with her companion's fishing rod, of which she had relieved him, to her heart's content. Thus they had proceeded better than a mile, making out plans for the day's amusement, when they came to a cake house, whose hanging sign, exhibiting a green bottle of beer, spouting into a black tumbler, and a collection of crimson hearts, stars, squares and babies of gingerbread beckoned them temptingly to approach.

"If we get a boat and go to the island," said Hartley, thus reminded, "we will want something to eat, Meggie, as it will keep us nearly all day; we had better stop here at old Dorcas' and get some cakes. I believe I have no money with me, but I'm a good customer and she'll have to trust me."

Accordingly they approached the house, but found the door fastened, and no signs of any one within.

"I suppose Dorcas has gone to town to buy sugar and molasses," said Meggie, "she always bakes on Saturday; so we will have to wait till she comes back."

They seated themselves on the door step, but after waiting awhile without the appearance of the cake-woman, they began to grow impatient. "If we sit here till the old woman can hobble back from town, we may wait half the day," said Hartley, and he walked round the house to reconnoitre for a place of entrance. He found one of the windows partially unfastened, and hoisting it as far as a nail above the sash would allow, he proposed their getting in and helping themselves. "We can tell her as we come back that we did it," said he, "and I'll pay her the next time I come along."

Meggie saw nothing but what was just and fair in the suggestion, and Hartley mounting on a block of wood, endeavored to push himself through the narrow opening. "If I could only get my head and shoulders through," said he, "I could reach the nail and hoist the window high enough." But in vain. He pushed until the skin began to rub off his broad, prominent forehead, and was obliged to desist.

"I am not much more than half as big as you are, Hartley," said Meggie, a thought striking her, "and if you'll lift me up, I can creep through, I am sure." She succeeded, and eagerly opened the chest where was deposited the stock in trade. "There are not many more than a dozen of cakes here," she said, somewhat disappointed.

"Then we'll have to take them all," returned Hartley, "and as we have nothing to carry them in, we must borrow that basket on the dresser. And we had better take one of those tin cups, too, to drink out of." Meggie followed the intimation, and, handing the things out of the window, was lifted after them.

"I've dropped my handkerchief out of my apron pocket," said she, "I'll have to get in again."

"Never mind," returned her companion, "we can get it as we pass this evening." and with renewed spirits they set out out again on their expedition.

Never did the sun shine on two happier children. Hartley borrowed a skiff at a ferry-house, and rowed to a little island, where they might remain unmolested the whole day, and after they had landed, he strolled off among the trees with his gun, leaving Meggie by the water to practice with the fishing tackle. Then when he returned to take her place, she gathered green walnuts, and sat near him cracking them and eating the kernels until her hands and her lips became black as her hair. And after their satisfaction of these amusements, Hartley acted Robinson Crusoe, and Meggie, as there was no wife nor sweetheart necessary to the part, took that of the parrot!

Meanwhile, Mrs. Clyde had arrived, and her three nieces having been presented in form, the inquiries were made for Meggie. It was recollected that she had not been dressed, and aunt Priscilla was "nervous" lest she should make her appearance in her usually not very *recherché* dishabille. She sent a messenger to look for her, with orders that when found, she should be smuggled in the back way. "Look in the stable;" said she; "and go to Brown the tailor's, and to Jones the blacksmith's, and be sure you go over to Green's,—any place where she should not be." But Meggie was not to be found. Mrs. Clyde was disappointed, as well as amused by the demure stiffness of her nieces, and began to grow impatient to see their sister.

"She was a babe in the cradle when I saw her last;" she remarked; "and I thought I had never beheld a little creature so perfectly beautiful. It strikes me that she resembled her mother more than any of the children."

The family began also to be uneasy, and at length the servant lad, who had been on search for the little runaway, much to the disadvantage of Miss Priscilla's dinner arrangements, at length returned with the intelligence that she had been seen walking along the river with one of the boys of the school, who was carrying a gun. Miss Priscilla had a superlatively feminine dread of guns, as well as of boys, and her anxiety was proportionably increased. Immediately came a flying report that the house of old Dorcas, the cake-woman had been robbed whilst she was in town, —that her cakes had been stolen out of her chest, her money out of her bureau, and her baskets and dishes off her dresser, by some unprincipled persons, who had entered by breaking a window. Then followed the climax of horrors,—that a handkerchief marked with the name of Margaret Gray had been found on the floor, besides the prints of a child's feet beneath the window, and that, therefore, one of the depredators must indisputably have been the said Margaret!

"My niece rob a cake-woman!" exclaimed the shocked and indignant Miss Priscilla. "I shall have a suitable reckoning with the inventor of so gross a slander!—did you hear who was the boy said to have been with her?"

"Hartley Green, ma'am."

"Hartley Green!—then, indeed, it would be folly to vouch for her conduct! I dreaded that it would come to this at last!" and the lady really shed tears of vexation.

At last even Mr. Gray became alarmed, for it was ascertained that young Gray had actually borrowed a skiff, and with his daughter in it, had been seen rowing on the river. Night approached, and the anxious father set off himself towards the ferry-house where they had embarked. His fears, however, were unnecessary,—they entered the village as he left it, and escorted by Hartley, Meggie reached home by the way she had departed. It was almost dark when she arrived at the door, and an inadvertant exclamation from one of her sisters, who met her, betrayed her return. Mrs. Clyde hastened out, followed by a servant, and also Miss Priscilla, with lights.

"You naughty girl!" exclaimed the latter, echoed by her nieces,—"you naughty girl!—come and give an account of yourself!"

"Where have you been?" she continued, as the frightened child hesitated to answer.

"Fishing and gunning with Hartley Green;" returned Meggie, among whose faults was not that of deception.

"Then it must all be too true!" exclaimed the horror-stricken Miss Priscilla, almost letting her lamp fall, in a movement to clasp her hands. The light was shining full on the face of the little culprit, and as she stood in the doorway, with her stained lips drawn up as tightly as those of her sisters, her eyes cast on the floor, her bonnet bent and torn, stuck awry over her curls,—she had let it fall into the water, and had destroyed its comeliness in drying it,—a string of fish in one hand, and a bunch of birds in the other, she presented a figure so ludicrous, and at the same time so picturesque, that Mrs. Clyde, a woman of much humor and intelligence, regarded her with an irrepressible burst of laughter.

"What ought to be done with you,—you rude, shameless tom-boy!" said Miss Priscilla, intending that the chastisement should be as summary as the offence was flagrant; "come instantly to my room,—you were born to disgrace our name, and break our hearts by your unexampled naughtiness!"

Miss Priscilla's punishments were always more than trifles, and notwithstanding her accustomed courage and resolution, the tears slowly gathered in the eyes of poor Meggie. Mrs. Clyde perceived it, and with a promptness that won the child's heart, she turned to the angry guardian, saying, "My dear Miss Priscilla, though we are all prepared to take sides against your prisoner, I think it would be hardly fair to condemn her without a trial. Through courtesy to me as a stranger, allow me to display my sagacity as judge, and with you for prosecutor, and the young ladies for jury, we will try her in form, giving her the privilege of a defence. Now, Meggie, my dear, as you have not seen me before give me a kiss, and then come into the parlor, that we may hear what you have to say for yourself."

Miss Priscilla was obliged, through politeness, to assent, and Meggie, overjoyed with the respite, followed her new aunt into the parlor, where, at her request, seating herself on a foot-stool, to rest after her walk, she commenced a circumstantial relation of her adventures. She acquitted herself with so much artlessness and apparent truth, digressing as her fears subsided, with so much juvenile originality and fun, that Mrs. Clyde could not conceal much less restrain her risibility, and even the prudish little sisters were betrayed into smiles. Miss Priscilla, however, was not to be mollified, and it required the additional intercession of Mr. Gray, who opportunely entered to prevail upon her to defer the sentence till Monday.

"We will let our criminal have a night's rest, and give her a chance to show her penitence over Sunday," said Mrs. Clyde; "and after that we will dispose of her according to her deserts."

The principle, though secret object of Mrs. Clyde's visit, was to make choice of one of her sisters children, and with their father's permission, to take her under her guardianship, and give her such an education as was practicable with her wealth and position in society. As we said before, she was disappointed in the three eldest, but in Meggie she found, after a day's study, just such material as she could make available. She accordingly made her proposition to Mr. Gray, but he hesitated, for though he knew the trials and difficulties that awaited him when his portionless daughters should attain to woman's estate, the little one, the youngest, with all her intractability, was the darling of his heart. Fortunately for the project, Miss Priscilla was its strong advocate. She reasoned that it would be a credit to the family that one of them should be presented to the world as the ward of the fashionable and richly jointured Mrs. Clyde, and that, besides, it would release them from the arduous, and under present circumstances, hopeless task of rescuing her from vulgar habits and associations. Her arguments prevailed. The poor child herself was the only person much grieved by the decision, and her distress at leaving home was aggravated by the assurances of aunt Priscilla and her sisters, that she was sent away as a punishment for her Saturday's frolic. Before they set out, she stole to Mr. Green's to bid good by, and Hartley cried with her, and took all the blame on himself.

Ten years passed,—a long and important era in the lives of the young. The three Misses Grays grew up, one after another, and still cherishing their inestimable gentility, married young professional men, and departed into new countries, to get rich by degrees, if haply they did not die off too soon of fevers and agues. The daughters of Mr. Green also married, and suitably, finding city husbands, and living in commercial prosperity. Hartley, the pride of the house, realized, so far, his early promise, and after a careful education had been sent to complete the study of medicine in Paris. The Grays had grown poorer and poorer, the Greens richer and richer. Miss Priscilla [illegible] decline, after the marriage of her last niece, leaving among her latest injunctions the most important one, that not a Green should attend her funeral. Mr. and Mrs. Green enjoyed themselves entertaining their friends and visiting their children, and poor Mr. Gray, solitary and gloomy, remained in his mortgaged homestead, lamenting the past, and despairing of the future.

Meggie still lived with Mrs. Clyde, and though her father had gone sometimes to see her, and her sisters had each made it her wedding trip, by accidental circumstances she never returned to the home which, according to her impressions, she had left in disgrace. She retained the striking beauty of her childhood, in a degree rather increased than diminished. She had taken the name, and was regarded as the adopted daughter of her aunt, and with her naturally good mind well cultivated, with the openness, warmth and gaiety of her character, securing her from the insipidity of too much polish, there was not a girl of her age, among a large and fastidious circle more courted and admired than the charming Margaret Clyde.

The health of Mrs. Clyde had become somewhat impaired, and a newly discovered mineral spring having been advertised, her physician, as it was in a salubrious and retired part of the country, recommended that she should make trial of it—perhaps rather to remove her from the luxuries and excitements of the city, than from confidence in the efficacy of its waters. Thither she went, attended by her niece, and though the place had none of the attractions of fashion either in embellishments, accommodations or company, Meggie found as much pleasure amidst the freedom it afforded, as she would have done in her days of bread and water and aunt Priscilla.

One morning on ascending a flight of rough stone steps to a balcony of the boarding-house, our heroine noticed that an elderly gentleman was sitting at the top of them, with his chair, on its hind legs, leaning against a post, and his feet spread out so as to obstruct the passage. He was stout, corpulent and florid, and looked as if, independent of the spring, he might have set any disease, except, perhaps, the gout, at defiance. He perceived her approach, and jumping up with a violent effort at alacrity, a pair of gold framed spectacles were jolted from his nose, and though Meggie sprang to catch them, fell, and were broken on the steps.

"If the last sight I had through them had not been so agreeable, I should be provoked enough to throw them down and break them over again," said he, taking them from her hand, and though apparently chagrined, bowing with elaborate gallantry.

Meggie smiled and regretted the accident.

"The plaguey things,—they were not accustomed to looking at faces so pretty, and, I suppose, jumped off in delight;" he continued; "but they've left me rather at a nonplus. I might almost as well have lost my eyes. As I am the only old codger here who wears glasses, there is no chance of borrowing, and as for buying, so far out of the world as this, that's an impossibility. Then, to make the matter worse, here is a whole bag of news, which I had counted on as amusement for a week,—foreign and domestic, political, agricultural and commercial; now don't you think it tantalizing enough to put me in a passion!"

"Perhaps, sir," said Meggie, good naturedly; "as I was the indirect cause of the accident, you will give me an opportunity to prevent some of its inconveniences. I will cheerfully lend you the use of my eyes for a little while, by reading to you anything you may wish to hear."

"Thank you, thank you,—then I wasn't a bit mistaken in your looks! the thought had just struck me to ask you."

Without farther ceremony the young lady sat down to the undertaking, and read the paper he handed to her through to the advertisements.

"You are a beautiful reader, Miss, most beautiful; I never enjoyed a paper more in my life;" said he, with much satisfaction; "perhaps as you've obliged me this time, you will do so again, and as I don't wish to impose upon you long at once, I'll put these away that the pleasure may last the longer. Will you allow me to ask your name?"

"Margaret Clyde," said Meggie.

"Thank you,—I hope we shall become better acquainted, for I've taken a prodigious fancy to you."

The next day her new acquaintance applied again for Meggie's services with a newspaper, and the next, till at length they became declared friends. Without pretensions to much education or refinement, the old gentleman possessed considerable fund of shrewd, sound sense, with a superabundance of kindly feeling, and Meggie found him for the most interesting person of the company. As for her, she afforded him sources of admiration without limit.

In a few days, however, their intercourse was interrupted by the non-appearance of the old gentleman at the table, nor was he to be seen anywhere about the premises. Meggie inquired about him, and to her concern, heard that he was confined by indisposition to his room. The information was followed by a message from himself, begging that she would be good enough to make him a visit. She obeyed, and found him sitting in a large chair, with his limbs wrapped in blankets, and seeming in very low spirits.

"I am in a sad predicament;" said he, as she entered; "I am getting more and more lame of my provoking complaint instead of better, and, say what they please,—I believe it is from such abominable living. What I took the liberty of sending for you is this,—besides the pleasure of seeing you; to ask you to write a letter to my wife,—you see I am not able to shake hands with you, much less to use a pen, even if I could see. You must think me a troublesome, tiresome old fellow,—but I have no other friend here, as you know, and there is no telling but I may have a chance of showing my regard for you yet. If ever I find a young fellow, with not less than his weight in gold,—I'll get him for you."

Meggie laughed, and hastened to her room for her writing materials; then after arranging them and dating a sheet, she looked to him for dictation.

"My dear wife," said he and paused.

"Well, sir, I have that down."

"Let me see what next,—it is a pretty tough job for a man, accustomed to writing only business letters, to compose anything else. However, say,—'I'm sitting here, crippled hand and foot, by my rheumatism,'—don't say gout, if you please,—she does'nt like to own that I have it; 'and want you to come for me with the carriage as soon as possible. I am determined never to give up my own judgment to a doctor again, unless he can send me to where a little more comfort can be had. It is worse than Saratoga; not so much form and aristocracy, to be sure,—but the water is ten times more disagreeable, and the eating nothing but ham and salad and potatoes, and occasionally a tough chicken for a delicacy. As to company, I would have had none at all, had'nt it been for the loveliest young lady,'—that's yourself, my dear."

"I'll say the young lady, without the loveliest," said Meggie.

"No, no. I won't consent to that!—but you may add, 'she does'nt wish to be called lovely, but I insist upon it,—who has done every thing to amuse and oblige me, and whom I have got to write this.' Let me see,—I believe that's all I can think of,—so just sign it—'your affectionate husband, Morris Green.'"

"Morris Green!" repeated Meggie; "of B——!"

"Yes, my dear,—did'nt I tell you my name before?—if I did'nt it was very impolite in me. But how did you know where I came from?"

"Oh, the great man of a snug village must'nt expect to keep his name confined to his own neighborhood;" said Meggie, who was not inclined, just then, to disturb him with awakening recollections which might not be very pleasant. But she took the letter to the window; under plea of sealing it, and added the following postscript.

"My dear Mrs. Green will be surprised to learn that her husband's secretary was in former times a certain little girl, who, however, [illegible] grateful for her fruit and plum cakes, and who to repay them in part, will be happy to fulfil the duties of nurse 'till her arrival. "Margaret Gray."

"I suppose this is right?" said Meggie, having inquired the direction after sealing it.

"The prettiest looking letter ever signed with my name, I assure you;" returned Mr. Green, "you write as handsomely as you read, and it would'nt be easy to say more."

Having communicated her discovery to Mrs. Clyde, who readily agreed to spare her, Meggie returned to the invalid, and for two or three days performed her stolen promise much to his satisfaction. She read to him all the newspapers she could borrow, taught him the moves of chess, from a set she had brought along for her aunt's amusement, and played her guitar and sung to his infinite delight. The third day he was able to walk a little, and was watching with much impatience for his wife. A carriage at last drove up, and Meggie hastened to the window, but she saw that it did not contain a lady. She judged, however, from the movements of a group of Misses before the house that the arrival was one of interest, for they were smoothing their hair, mending their attitudes, and shaking out their handkerchiefs very industriously. She was right. A young gentleman descended from the carriage, whose elegance of appearance, which she had never seen equalled, was so striking that she forgot to tell Mr. Green that it was not his wife. He had made the discovery for himself, and was letting out his disappointment, when a voice reached them from the passage, saying, "I was directed here to Mr. Green's apartment,—which is it?" A servant answered, and the door being open, the young stranger presented himself at it. Mr. Green forgot his lameness, and stumbling forward, exclaimed,—"As I'm alive!—my dear boy, Hartley!"

Meggie's face glowed with surprise and pleasure, and for a moment she was undecided as to whether she had better remain or make a retreat. She decided upon the latter, and was escaping to the door, when her old playmate arrested her, by holding out his hand, with a look of admiration and delight, and saying, "I cannot be mistaken,—I have the extreme pleasure of seeing another old friend!" Her blush returned, and, for once, her wonted ease and readiness deserted her.

"My son, Dr. Hartley Green;—Miss Clyde;" said the old gentleman, emphatically, confident that Hartley was mistaken.

"I have been so accustomed to calling her Meggie Gray, that it will take time to teach me any thing else;" returned Hartley, smiling.

Mr. Green winked and shook his head correctingly, wondering that he should persist in so unaccountable a mistake, when he was himself astonished by the interposition of the young lady; "He is right, my dear sir, I would have made myself known to you before, —only—only—that I feared to do so, lest you might turn me out of your room, on account of old scores. Among the Grays and the Greens, Hartley,—Doctor Green and I were the only two, I believe, that could keep the peace."

"And you are really a Gray!" said the old gentleman looking incredulous.

"Don't you remember little Meggie Gray, sir, whom I grieved so much about, ten years ago, for being sent from home on account of playing truant with me?" said Hartley; "and that she was taken in charge by an aunt, Mrs. Clyde!"

"Yes—yes,—but, of course, you remember better than I do;" replied Mr. Green; "but is it possible that you are a Gray! why, you are round and rosy, and merry and sociable—nothing of the Gray about you! all the Grays were pale and lean and—but," he added checking himself; "you were not trained up by your aunt Priscilla, poor woman!" and he came up and shook her hand violently, as if congratulating her on her escape.

Hartley explained his unexpected appearance very briefly. That he had reached home from the port a few days before the letter was received, and that, as he was better calculated to obey the summons than his mother, he had volunteered to supply her place. He did not, however, tell the whole truth. That the little postscript from his old playmate, following an account of her attractions, which he had heard on his way homeward, gave him a motive for coming, scarcely secondary.

Instead of returning home immediately, as he had anticipated, Mr. Green was persuaded by his son, advising as a physician, of course, to postpone his departure for an indefinite period, and it was three weeks before they reached B——, Hartley having escorted Mrs. Clyde and her niece to the city, a few days previously. Mr. Green lost no time to inquire the news.

"The worst, as usual, is about Marcus Gray;" answered his wife; "his house is to be offered at public sale to-morrow."

"The old stone house!" exclaimed Mr. Gray, looking aghast.

"Yes, and it is thought it will not bring the amount of the mortgage. He has given up the rest of his property, which is thought sufficient for all other claims, and has been offered as much as the mortgage for his house at private sale, but with the old, stubborn pride, he refuses to take less than ten thousand dollars, when, at auction, it can't bring more than five, and the mortgage is for six. He won't be convinced that houses are of little value here, where there is no business, except to people that wish to live in them. Poor man! he is not to be wondered at, after all, as it must be hard for him to believe that he will be left without a dollar in the world!"

"The old stone house sold!—Marcus Gray turned out of his home penniless in his old age!" said Mr. Green; "I don't like the thought of that! the family had some reason for their pride, after all, and I would rather have him to oppose me, than some upstart who may buy him out;" Mr. Green had so long enjoyed the fruits of his early industry, that he now thought himself privileged to look down on upstarts; "upon my word;" he continued, striking his fist on his knee; "it makes me feel badly! we have been enemies time out of mind, but I can bear no man malice in his misfortunes. I'll do all I can to help him out!" Mrs. Green nodded approbation, and he hurried from the room.

Hartley, who had listened anxiously, followed his father out. "I wish to have some particular conversation with you, my dear sir, if you will oblige me;" said he. The old gentleman allowed himself to be led into the drawing-room, where, with much earnestness, his son made a communication, which seemed not unpleasing to the senior, for, several times during the talk, he shook his head, and patted his shoulder, and then proceeded straightway over to my Mr. Gray's.

Mr. Green was a man of nerve, but he could not help feeling a little uneasy after rapping at the door of a house, which seemed to be frowning him from its precincts. The domestic stared at him in astonishment, and showed him into the parlor, until Mr. Gray should have been apprised of his visit. The room presented a melancholy contrast to his own comfortable and really elegant apartments. The time worn carpet in several places scarcely concealed the floor; the plated candlesticks were green with age and neglect; the stuffing of the old mahogany chairs was bursting through the damask; the curtains were hanging dusty and tattered about the windows, and every thing else bore such an aspect of poverty and desolation, that Mr. Green looked round him with a sigh.

By the time his investigation had ended, the servant returned to conduct him to the presence of his former rival. Mr. Gray was sitting at a table covered with papers, and looking inexpressibly ill and careworn. He was evidently discomposed at the entrance of his neighbor, but with his usual dignity he offered him a seat. Mr. Green threw himself into it for a moment, then starting up he thrust his hands into his pockets as if he had made up his mind, and commenced boldly; "I don't wonder you look surprised to see me Mr. Gray,—we have been enemies for a long time,—so long that we ought to be ashamed of ourselves."

[illegible] an introduction tended.

"If we remain so any longer, Mr. Gray," continued the visitor; "it shall not be my fault. I have heard of your troubles, and have come to offer my assistance to get you out of them."

Mr. Gray looked at him searchingly, and a flush came over his pallid face, but with more of pride and distrust than gratitude, in his manner, he returned, "you have my thanks, sir, but I do not perceive in what particular you can be of service to me."

"I am a plain, business man, Mr. Gray, and like to come to the point at once. A good purchaser for your house is what you need, and if we can agree, I will take it off your hands."

To have his home, his honored inheritance fall into the hands of a Green,—it would be the crowning evil of his misfortunes, but Mr. Gray made an effort to control his feelings, sufficiently to say, that it was unnecessary for Mr. Green to have given himself the trouble of a personal interview on the subject, as the sale would necessarily take place the next day, when he would, of course, be at liberty to attend with others.

But Mr. Green was bent upon a good action, and was not to be chilled by mere manner, however ungracious, and after a turn or two about the room, he answered, "Mr. Gray, I am sorry for you from the bottom of my heart. You have always been regarded as the first man, in many respects, in our neighborhood, and had it not been that my success in speculation gave me some advantage over you, which caused an ill feeling between us, there is no one who would have been more ready to acknowledge it than myself. I have been so long used to seeing your family looked up to; that it would appear unnatural to me if things took a change, and I would feel almost as much grieved as yourself to see your old homestead sacrificed to some whipper-snapper, who would be proud to crow over its old inmates. Now, I wish to know at how much you value it?"

There was so much genuine sympathy in the tones and looks of his visitor, that Mr. Gray was touched, and he replied, frank but despondingly; "I believe you are sincere, Mr. Green,—and as my affairs are no longer secret, I will speak freely. I have been offered six thousand dollars,—the amount of the mortgage, for it, and I am told that it will bring no more when offered publicly. But I have asked, and still do ask, ten thousand. I wish to save a pittance on which I can live independantly for the few years that may be before me. When things are passed my power,—let them go against me, but I cannot yield. Mr. Green, it is a hard thing for an old man to speak the word that is to consign him to beggary. Your kindness has conquered my pride, and as you are better worthy to hold what I so much value than any other in competition, I shall be gratified to see you at the sale."

Mr. Green coughed, wiped his mouth with his handkerchief, instead of his eyes, and returned, "It would be a shabby business in a person who knows the value of the property, as I do, Mr. Gray, to allow it to be put up by the town-crier, and higgled at by Tom, Dick and Harry, when I can spare you the vexation of such a scene. I'll give you ten thousand dollars for it, sir, ready on the spot,—and let the rascals go about their business!"

Tears, which he could not restrain, came into the eyes of Mr. Gray, and rising from his seat, he grasped the hand of his ancient foe. "You have," said he, "removed from my heart, a load that was crushing me to the grave. I had often heard of your generosity, your goodness of heart,—but, as you have said,—we were enemies. May Heaven reward you, and preserve to you and yours, the prosperity you have so richly earned!"

"No more, no more, my dear sir!" said Mr. Green, this time putting his handkerchief to the proper place; "there is another matter to settle, with which I hope you will be equally well satisfied. And here, just in the nick of time, comes the person it concerns." A rap was followed by the entrance of Hartley Green, who was proudly introduced by his father.

"Can it be possible!" said Mr. Gray, regarding him with evident surprise and admiration; "I secretly grudged you your son, when a boy, Mr. Green, and, from all accounts, there is not less reason to envy you, now that he is a man."

Hartley bowed, and somewhat embarrassed, presented to him a letter, of which he stated himself the bearer.

"From Meggie;" said Mr. Gray, and turning to a window he perused it with much interest. When he had finished, he approached and offering Hartley his hand, he said, "You are, of course, aware of the contents of this, my young friend, and I have no reason to oppose your wishes. My daughter was removed from my guardianship when a child, and now, as her aunt, in whose discretion I confide, is willing to part with her, to ask my consent is little more than a form. But I am gratified by your mutual confidence. If your course is marked by actions as noble as one your father has just performed, I shall be not only happy, but proud of the connection."

"Hurrah!" said Mr. Green, rapturously; "I am as happy as if I had won the battle of New Orleans! Hurrah! the wars of the Grays and the Greens are ended forever! Stay in your house, Mr. Gray,—remain here, master as long as you live! it was part of my plan. I intended it, if matters went right, for your children and mine,—and if they don't behave themselves, I give you leave to turn them out of doors! We must go to work to have it fixed up, in prime order, for Meggie; I'll set the carpenters at it forthwith,—so, Hartley, go off for your wife, and better yourself as a respectable citizen as soon as you please!"

In two or three months the projects were completed, and all parties were so happy, that the very ghost of Miss Priscilla could scarcely have found courage for a frown.

Selected Articles.

WHITE ROSES.

They were gathered for a bridal!
I knew it by their hue;
Fair as the summer moonlight
Upon the sleeping dew.
From their fair and fairy sisters
They were borne, without a sigh,
For one remembered evening
To blossom and to die.

They were gathered for a bridal!
And fastened in a wreath;
And purer were the roses
Than the heart that lay beneath;
Yet the beaming eye was lovely,
And the coral lip was fair,
And the gazer looked and asked not
For the secret hidden there.

They were gathered for a bridal!
Where a thousand torches glistened,
When the holy words were spoken,
And the false and faithless listened
And answered to the vow
Which another heart had taken
Yet he was present then—
The once loved, the forsaken.

They were gathered for a bridal!
And now, now, they are dying,
And young Love at the altar
Of broken faith is sighing
Their summer life was stainless,
And not like her's who wore them;
They are faded, and the farewell
Of beauty lingers o'er them!

THE EAGLE'S NEST.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

Almost all the people in the parish were leading in their meadow-hay on the same day of midsummer, so drying was the sunshine and the wind,—and huge heaped-up wains, that almost hid from view the horses that drew them along the sward, beginning to get green with second growth, were moving in all the directions towards the snug farm-yards. Never had the parish seemed before so populous. Jocund was the balmy air with laughter, whistle, and song. But the tree-gnomons threw the shadow of "one o'clock" on the green dial-face of the earth—the horses were unyoked, and took instantly to grazing—groups of men, women, lads, lasses, and children, collected under grove, and bush, and hedgerow [illegible] rather too bare of butter, and crackling cakes; and the great Being who gave them that day their daily bread, looked down from his eternal throne, well-pleased with the piety of his thankful creatures.

The great Golden Eagle, the pride and the pest of the parish, stooped down, and away with something in his talons. One single sudden female shriek—and then shouts and outcries as if a church spire had tumbled down on a congregation at a sacrament! "Hannah Lamond's bairn! Hannah Lamond's bairn!" was the loud fast-spreading cry. "The eagle's ta'en aff Hannah Lamond's bairn!" and many hundred feet were in another instant hurrying towards the mountain. Two miles, of hill, and dale, and copse, and shingle, and many intersecting brooks lay between; but in an incredibly short time, the foot of the mountain was alive with people. The eyrie was well known, and both old birds were visible on the rock-ledge. But who shall scale that dizzy cliff, which Mark Steuart the sailor, who had been at the storming of many a fort, attempted in vain! All kept gazing, weeping, wringing of hands in vain, rooted to the ground, or running backwards and forwards, like so many ants essaying their new wings of discomfiture. "What's the use—what's the use o' ony puir human means! We have no power but in prayer!" and many knelt down—fathers and mothers thinking of their own babies—as if they would force the deaf heavens to hear!

Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white, and eyes like those of a mad person, fixed on the eyrie. Nobody had noticed her; for strong as all sympathies with her had been at the swoop of the eagle, they were now swallowed up in the agony of eyesight. "Only last Sabbath was my sweet wee wean baptized in the name o' the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost!" and on uttering these words, she flew off through the brakes and over the huge stones, up—up—up—faster than ever huntsman ran in to the death,—fearless as a goat playing among the precipices. No one doubted, no one could doubt, that she would soon be dashed to pieces. But have not people who walk in their sleep, obedient to the mysterious guidance of dreams, clomb the walls of old ruins, and found footing, even in decrepitude, along the edge of unguarded battlements, and down dilapidated stair-cases, deep as draw-wells, or coal-pits, and returned with open, fixed, and unseeing eyes, unharmed to their beds, at midnight? It is all the work of the soul, to whom the body is a slave; and shall not the agony of a mother's passion—who sees her baby whose warm mouth had just left her breast, hurried off by a demon to a hideous death—bear her limbs aloft wherever there is dust to dust, till she reach that devouring den, and fiercer and more furious far, in the passion of love, than any bird of prey that ever bathed its beak in blood, throttle the fiends that with their heavy wings would fain flap her down the cliffs, and hold up her child in deliverance before the eye of the all-seeing God!

No stop—no stay,—she knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet Providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hands strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend! That fear, then, but once crossed her heart, as up—up—up—to the little image made of her own flesh and blood. "The God who holds me now from perishing—will not the same God save me when my child is on my bosom!" Down came the fierce rushing of the eagles' wings—each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes. All at once they quailed, and were cowed. Yelling they flew off to the stump of an ash jutting out of a cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract, and the Christian mother falling across the eyrie, in the midst of bones and blood, clasped her child—dead—dead—dead—no doubt—but unmangled and untorn, and swaddled up just as it was when she laid it down asleep among the fresh hay in a nook of the harvest field. Oh! what pang of perfect blessedness transfixed her heart from that faint feeble cry—"It lives—it lives—it lives!" and baring her bosom, with loud laughter, and eyes dry as stones, she felt the lips of the unconscious innocent once more murmuring at the fount of life and love! "Oh thou great and thou dreadful God! whither hast thou brought me—one of the most sinful of thy creatures! Oh! save my soul, lest it perish, even for thy own name's sake! Oh thou, who diedst to save sinners, have mercy upon me!" Cliffs, chasms, blocks of stone, and the skeletons of old trees—far—far down—and dwindled into specks, a thousand creatures of her own kind, stationary, or running to and fro! Was that the sound of the waterfall, or the faint roar of voices? Is that her native strath!—and that tuft of trees, does it contain the hut in which stands the cradle of her child! Never more shall it be rocked by her foot! Here must she die—and when her breast is exhausted, her baby too! And those horrid beaks, and eyes, and talons, and wings, will return, and her child will be devoured at last, even within the dead bosom that can protect it no more.

Where all this while was Mark Steuart the sailor? Half-way up the cliffs. But his eye had got dim, and his head dizzy, and his heart sick—and he who had so often reefed the topgallant sail, when at midnight the coming of the gale was heard from afar, covered his face with his hands, and dared look no longer on the swimming heights. "And who will take care of my poor bedridden mother," thought Hannah, whose soul, through the exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain in its grasp that hope which it had clutched in despair. A voice whispered, "God." She looked around expecting to see an angel—but nothing moved except a rotten branch, that, under its own weight, broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye—by some secret sympathy of her soul with the inanimate object—watched its fall; and it seemed to stop, not far off, on a small platform. Her child was bound within her bosom—she remembered not how or when—but it was safe—and scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the shelving rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm root-bound soil, with the tops of bushes appearing below. With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron, she swung herself down by briar, and broom, and heather, and dwarf-birch. There, a loosened stone leapt over a ledge and no sound was heard, so profound was its fall. There, the shingle rattled down the screes, and she hesitated not to follow. Her feet bounded against the huge stone that stopped them, but she felt no pain. Her body was callous as the cliff. Steep as the wall of a house was now the side of the precipice. But it was matted with ivy centuries old—long ago dead, and without a single green leaf—but with thousands of arm-thick stems petrified into the rock, and covering it as with a trellis. She bound her baby to her neck—and with hands and feet clung to that fearful ladder. Turning round her head and looking down, lo! the whole population of the parish—so great was the multitude, on their knees! and, hush, the voice of psalms! a hymn breathing the spirit of one united prayer! Sad and solemn was the strain—but nothing dirge-like—breathing not of death but deliverance. Often had she sung that tune, perhaps the very words, but them she heard not—in her own hut, she and her mother—or in the kirk, along with all the congregation. An unseen hand seemed fastening her fingers to the ribs of ivy, and in sudden inspiration believing that her life was to be saved, she became almost as fearless as if she had been changed into a winged creature. Again her feet touched stones and earth—the psalm was hushed—but a tremulous sobbing voice was close beside her, and lo! a she-goat, with two little kids at her feet! "Wild heights," thought she, "do these creatures climb—but the dam will lead down her kids by the easiest paths, for oh! even in the brute creatures what is the holy power of a mother's love!" and turning round her head, she kissed her sleeping baby, and for the first time she wept.

Overhead frowned the front of the precipice, never touched before by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamt of scaling it, and the golden eagles knew that well in their instinct, as, before they built their eyrie, they had brushed it with their wings. But all the rest of this part of the mountain-side, though scarred, and seamed, and chasmed, was yet accessible—and more than one person in the parish had reached the bottom of the Glead's Cliff. Many were now attempting it—and ere the cautious mother had followed her dumb guides a hundred yards, though among dangers that, although enough to terrify the stoutest heart, were traversed by her without a shudder, the head of one man appeared, and then the head of another, and she knew that God had delivered her and her child in safety, into the care of their fellow-creatures. Not a word was spoken—eyes said enough—she hushed her friends with her hands—and with uplifted eyes pointed to the guides sent to her by Heaven. Small green plats where those creatures nibble the wild-flowers, became now more frequent—trodden lines, almost as easy as sheep-paths, showed that the dam had not led her young into danger; and now the brush-wood dwindled away into straggling shrubs, and the party stood on a little eminence above the stream, and forming part of the strath.

There had been trouble and agitation, much sobbing, and many tears, among the multitude, while the mother was scaling the cliffs—sublime was the shout that echoed afar the moment she reached the eyrie—then had succeeded a silence deep as death—in a little while arose the hymning prayer, succeeded by mute supplication—the wildness of thankful and congratulatory joy had next its sway—and now that her salvation was sure, the great crowd rustled like a wind-swept wood. And for whose sake was all this alternation of agony? A poor humble creature, unknown to many even by name—one who had but few friends, nor wished for more—contented to [illegible] —there—any where—that she might be able to support [illegible] her little child—and who on Sabbath took her seat [illegible] for paupers, in the kirk!

"Fall back, and give her fresh air," said the old minister of the parish; and the circle of close faces widened round her lying as in death. "Gie me the bonny bit bairn into my arms," cried first one mother and then another, and it was tenderly handed round the circle of kisses, many of the snooded maidens bathing its face in tears. "There's no a single scratch about the puir innocent, for the eagle you see maun hae stuck its talons into the lang claes and the shawl. Blin', blin' maun they be who see not the finger o' God in this thing!"

Hannah started up from her swoon—and looking wildly round, cried, "Oh!—the bird—the bird!—the eagle—the eagle!—the eagle has carried off my bonny wee Walter—is there nane to pursue?" A neighbor put her baby into her breast, and shutting her eyes, and smiting her forehead, the sorely bewildered creature said in a low voice, "Am I wauken—oh! tell me if I'm wauken—or if a' this be the wark o' a fever, and the delirium o' a dream?"

Hannah Lamond was not yet twenty years old—and although she was a mother—and you may guess what a mother—yet—frown not, fair and gentle reader—frown not, pure and stainless as thou art—to her belonged not the sacred name of wife—and that baby was the child of sin and of shame—yes—"the child of misery, baptized in tears!" She had loved—trusted—been betrayed—and deserted. In sorrow and solitude—uncomforted and despised—she bore her burthen. Dismal had been the hour of travail—and she feared her mother's heart would have broken, even when her own was cleft in twain. But how healing is forgiveness—alike to the wounds of the forgiving and the forgiven! And then Hannah knew that although guilty before God, her guilt was not such as her fellow-creatures deemed it—for oh! there were dreadful secrets which should never pass her lips against the father of her child! so she bowed down her young head—and soiled it with the ashes of repentance—walking with her eyes on the ground as she again entered the kirk—yet not fearing to lift them up to heaven during the prayer. Her sadness inspired a general pity—she was excluded from no house she had heart to visit—no coarse comment—no ribald jest accompanied the notice people took of her baby—no licentious rustic presumed on her frailty, for the pale, melancholy face of the nursing mother, weeping as she sung the lullaby, forbade all such approach—and an universal sentiment of indignation drove from the parish the heartless and unprincipled seducer—if all had been known, too weak word for his crime—who left thus to pine in sorrow—and in shame far worse than sorrow—one, who, till her unhappy fall, had been held up by every mother as an example to her daughters, of sense and modesty—and the meek unpretending piety of a Christian faith!

Never—never once had she striven to cease to love her betrayer—but she had striven—and an appeased conscience had enabled her to do so—to think not of him now that he had deserted her for ever. Sometimes his image, as well in love as in wrath, passed before the eye of her heart—but she closed it to tears of blood, and the phantom disappeared. Thus all the love towards him that slept—but was not dead—arose in yearnings of still more exceeding love towards his child. Round its head was gathered all hope of comfort—of peace—of reward of her repentance. One of its smiles was enough to brighten up the darkness of the future. In her breast—on her knee—in its cradle, she regarded it with a perpetual prayer. And this feeling it was, with all the overwhelming tenderness of affection, all the invigorating power of passion, that, under the hand of God, bore her up and down that fearful mountain's brow, and after the hour of rescue and deliverance, stretched her on the green-sward like a corpse.

The rumor of the miracle soon circled the mountain's base, and a strange story without names was told to the wood-ranger of the Cairn forest, by a way-faring man. Anxious to know what truth there was in it, he crossed the hill, and making his way through the sullen crowd, went up to the eminence, and beheld, just recovering from her final swoon, her whom he had so wickedly ruined, and so basely deserted. Hisses, and groans, and hootings, and fierce eyes, and clenched hands, assailed and threatened him on every side.

His heart died within him, not in fear, but in remorse. What a worm he felt himself to be, and fain would he have been to become a worm, that, to escape all that united human scorn, he might have wriggled away in slime into some hole of the earth! But the meek eye of Hannah met his in perfect forgiveness—a tear of pity—a faint smile of love. All his better nature rose within him, all his worse nature was quelled. "Yes, good people, you do right to cover me with your scorn. But what is your scorn to the wrath of God! The Evil One has often been with me in the woods; the same voice that once whispered me to murder her—but here I am—not to offer retribution—for that may not—will not—must not be—guilt must not mate with innocence. But here I proclaim that innocence. I deserve death, and I am willing here, on this spot, to deliver myself into the hands of justice. Allan Calder—I call on you to seize your prisoner."

The moral sense of the people, when instructed by knowledge and enlightened by religion, what else is it but the voice of God! Their anger subsided at once into a serene satisfaction—and that soon softened, in sight of her who, alone aggrieved, along with

nothing but tenderest forgiveness, into a confused compassion for the man who, bold and bad as he had been, had undergone many solitary torments, and nearly fallen in his uncompanioned misery into the power of the Prince of Darkness. The old clergyman, whom all, afterwards, put the [illegible] man's hand in hers, whom he swore to love and cherish all the days—and, ere summer was over, Hannah was the mistress of a family, in a house not much inferior to a Manse. Her mother, now that only her daughter's reputation was freed from stain, but her innocence also proved, renewed her youth. And although the worthy schoolmaster, who told me the tale as much better than I have been able to repeat it, confessed that the wood-ranger never became altogether a saint—nor acquired the edifying habit of pulling down the corners of his mouth, and turning up the whites of his eyes—yet he assured me, that he never afterwards heard any thing very seriously to his prejudice—that he became in due time an elder of the Kirk—gave his children a religious education—erring only in making too much of a pet of his oldest born, whom even when grown up to manhood, he never called by any other name than the Eagle.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY MISS C. CUSHMAN.

'Tis Nature's hour of rest—the sons of care
Have yielded to the gentle sway of night;
Its dusky robes, [illegible]
Pencill'd with tints beneath the moon's pale light.
The happy are at rest—the weary sleep;
Gay youth is dreaming—Wo forgets to weep.

The hour of toil has ceased; imperious Trade
Has loosed her chain, and bids her votaries rest;
The stripling's dreams are in Hope's hues array'd,
And cheating throws the poet's slumbers crest.
Upon the maiden's brow Love spreads his wings,
And Fancy thrills with fond imaginings.

But all sleep not! The aching head of Want
May not in Morpheus bonds forget its pangs;
Its sting is in the soul—its bitter taunt
Is render'd keener far by Famine's fangs.
Misery may sear the heart and scorch the brain,
But Want has fiercer power and mightier pain.

Ambition too! Its votaries may not steep
Their proud aspirings in Night's lethean wave;
With them a power superior over sleep
Forbids repose, unless 'tis in the grave.
The feverish yearnings for Fame's phantom wreath
Cheats them to labor on, 'till stopp'd by pitying Death.

The toiling student, who with burning zeal
Bathes in the stream of Time his aching head,
Hears not the mystic hour of midnight peal
Upon his ear—his thoughts are with the dead,
With those enshrined upon the historic page,
The undying lustre of a classic age.

The wanderer from his home, whose memory rushes
To those so loved and parted—still more dear;
His thoughts are with them, and his fond heart gushes
With sad remembrances; and while the tear
Melts to his eye, he would, for one embrace
Of old familiars, give up Fame's wild chase.

And I!—I may not sleep, for round me crowd
A thousand torturing thoughts to banish sleep.
Although my spirit with regret is bow'd,
And through my brain oppressive memories creep.
Yet still I sit, while Fancy takes the rein,
Sweeps o'er the past, and turneth joy to pain.

THE GREEN MIDDY.

BY CAPT. MARRYATT.

The second day after our return to Spithead, I was sent on shore in the cutter to bring off a youngster who was to join the ship; he had never been to sea before; his name was Green, and he was as green as a gooseberry. I took a dislike to him the moment that I saw him, because he had a hooked nose, and very small ferrety eyes. As we were pulling on board, he asked me a great many questions of all kinds, particularly about the captain and officers, and to amuse myself and the boat's crew, who were on the full titter, I exercised my peculiar genius for invention.

At last, after I had given a character of the first lieutenant, which made him appear a sort of a marine ogre, he asked how it was I got on with him. "Oh, very well," replied I, "but I'm a freemason, and so is he; and he's never severe with a brother mason."

"But how did he know you were a mason?"

"I made the sign to him the very first time that he began to scold me, and he left off almost immediately; that is, when I made the second sign; he did not when I made the first."

"I should like to know these signs. Won't you tell them to me."

"Tell them to you! oh, no, that won't do," replied I. "I don't know you. Here we are on board—in bow—rowed of all the men. Now, Mr. Green, I'll show you the way up."

Mr. Green was presented and ushered into the service much in the same way as I was; but he had not forgotten what I said to him, relative to the first lieutenant, and it so happened that, on the third day, he witnessed a jobation, delivered by the first lieutenant to one of the midshipmen, who, venturing to reply, was ordered to the mast-head for the remainder of the day, added to which, a few minutes afterwards, the first lieutenant ordered two men to be put both legs in irons. Mr. Green trembled as he saw the men led away by the master-at-arms, and he came to me—

"I do wish, Keene, you would tell me those signs," said he; "can't you be persuaded to part with them? I'll give you anything that I have which you may like."

"Well," said I, "I should like to have that long spy-glass of yours; for it's a very good one, and as signal midshipman, will be useful to me."

"You shall have it, with all my heart," replied he, "if you will tell me the signs."

"Well, then, come down below, [illegible] and I will tell them to you."

Mr. Green and I went down to the berth, and I received the spy-glass as a present, in due form. I then led him to my chest in the steerage, and in a low, confidential tone, told him as follows:

"You see, Green, you must be very particular about making those signs, for if you make a mistake you will be worse off than if you never made them at all; for the first lieutenant will suppose that you are trying to persuade him that you are a mason, when you are not. Now, observe, you must not attempt to make the first sign until he has scolded you well; then, at any pause, you must make it; thus, you see, you must put your thumb to the tip of your nose, and extend your hand straight out from it, with all the fingers seperated as wide as you can. Now, do it as I did it. Stop—wait a little, till that marine passes. Yes, that is it. Well, that is considered the first proof of your being a mason, but it requires a second. The first lieutenant will, I tell you frankly, be, or rather pretend to be, in a terrible rage, and will continue to rail at you; you must, therefore, wait a little till he pauses, and then, you observe, put up your thumb to your nose, with the fingers of your hand spread out as before, and then add to it your other hand by joining your other thumb to the little finger of the hand already up, and stretch your other hand and fingers out like the first. Then you will see the effects of the second sign. Do you think you can recollect all this? for as I said before, you must make no mistake."

Green put his hands up as I told him, and after three or four essays declared himself perfect, and I left him.

It was about three days afterwards that Mr. Green upset a kid of dirty water upon the lower deck, which had been dry holystoned, and the mate of the lower deck, when the first lieutenant went his round, reported the circumstance to exculpate himself. Mr. Green was consequently summoned on the quarter-deck, and the first lieutenant, who was very angry, commenced, as usual, a volley of abuse on the unfortunate youngster.

Green, recollecting my instructions, waited till the first lieutenant had paused, and then made the first freemason sign, looking up very boldly at the first lieutenant, who actually drew back with astonishment at this contemptuous conduct, hitherto unwitnessed on board of a man-of-war.

"What! sir," cried the first lieutenant. "Why, sir, are you mad?—you, just come into the service, treating me in this manner! I can tell you, sir, that you will not be three days longer in the service—no, sir, not three days; for either you leave the service or I do. Of all the impudence, of all the insolence, of all the contempt, I have heard of, this beats all—and from such a little animal as you. Consider yourself as under an arrest, sir, till the captain comes on board, and your conduct is reported: go down below, sir, immediately."

The lieutenant paused, and now Green gave him sign the second, as a reply, thinking that they would then come to a right understanding; but, to his astonishment, the first lieutenant was more furious than ever, and calling the sergeant of marines, ordered him to take Mr. Green down, and put him in irons, under the half-deck.

This conclusion to my joke I had not thought of, so I confessed my participation in Green's conduct. I was sent for to the gun-room to be reprimanded, but preparatory to going, I received an intimation that my mistake would not be very severe, the lieutenant being more disposed to laugh than be angry.

I went down into the gun-room, when a tittering ceased as the sentry opened the door, and I walked in.

"Did you want me, sir," said I to the first lieutenant, touching my hat and looking very demure.

"So, Mr. Keene, it was you who have been practising upon Mr. Green, and teaching him insult and disrespect to his superior officers on the quarter-deck. Well, sir?"

I made no reply, but appeared very penitent.

"Because a boy has just come to sea, and is ignorant of his profession, it appears to be a custom, which I shall take care shall not be followed up, to play him all manner of tricks and tell all manner of falsehoods. Now, sir, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Mr. Green and I have both just come to sea, sir, and the midshipmen all play us so many tricks," replied I, humbly, "that I hardly know whether what I do is right or wrong."

"But, sir, it was you who played this trick on Mr. Green."

"Yes, sir; I told him so for fun, but I didn't think he was such a fool as to believe me. I only said that you were a freemason, and that freemasons were kind to each other, and that you gave one another signs to know one another by; I heard you say you were a freemason, sir, when I dined in the gun-room."

"Well, sir, I did say so, but that is no reason for your teaching him to be impudent."

"He asked me for the signs, sir, and I didn't know them exactly; so I gave him the signs that Mr. Dott and I always make between us."

"Mr. Dott and you—a pretty pair, as I said before. I've a great mind to put you in Mr. Green's place; at all events, I shall report your conduct to the captain when he comes from London. There, sir, you may go."

I put on a penitent face as I went out, wiping my eyes with the back of my hands. After I went out, I waited a few seconds at the gun-room door, and then the officers, supposing that I was out of hearing, gave vent to their mirth, the first lieutenant laughing the loudest.—*Percival Keene.*

U. S. SAT. POST.

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GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

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Saturday Morning, October 15.

A CARD.

The proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post have purchased the entire establishment of the SATURDAY CHRONICLE of this city, of Messrs. Matthias & Taylor, and also the UNITED STATES newspaper, published heretofore by Messrs. Swain, Abell & Simmons. The immense subscription lists of the two concerns they purpose to unite to that of the Saturday Evening Post, which will give them a weekly edition *far surpassing any establishment in the United States. The joint circulation of the periodicals issued by the subscribers will now be over 100,000.* They can therefore now afford to encounter increased expenses for the advantage of the reader, and publish a cheaper paper for the quality than any other establishment. The paper will hereafter be issued under the title of the "UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST AND CHRONICLE."

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

☞ SUBSCRIBERS *to either of the papers now united, who are indebted, will much oblige us by promptly remitting the amount due, as we wish to bring up the books at once, and take a fair start. We shall issue one of the finest sheets in the Union—but only to subscribers whose promptitude entitles them to the name of* CASH SUBSCRIBERS.

☞ R. G. Berford, Esq., of Pittsburg, Pa., is the agent for that place and vicinity, for the "United States Saturday Post," "Graham's Magazine," and "The Lady's World of Fashion." Mr. B. has, we believe, an office in Allegheny also.

☞ Unfortunately the proof of the article in our last, entitled the "Enterprizing and the Spiritless," escaped the eyes of the compositor, which will account for one or two sad typographical errors.

☞ Single copies of this paper can be obtained of Robinson & Jones, Main street, above Fourth, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

In our number of last week, we reported the commencement of Dr. Lardner's Lectures on the French Revolution, in which the causes that led to so momentous a series of events, were amply developed. To-day we give several of the most thrilling and stupendous incidents, and we observe that our reporter has appropriately headed the lectures with the motto: "*Ring the bell—draw up the curtain—and let the drama begin!*"—adapted from the Introduction to the admirable work of *Thiers.* Incidents and conclusions now follow in fearful and rapid succession. In our columns of to-day will be found interesting accounts of the Fall of the Bastile and the First Massacres—the Revolt of the women, their journey to Versailles, conflicts and compulsory return of the Royal Family to Paris—and the Great Festival of the Federation; with the solemn Oath of Fidelity to France. Alas! how soon that oath was broken by all parties, except La Fayette and those who thought and acted with him. By the way, we may suggest here, that our readers who desire to possess a condensed view of the French Revolution, as prepared by Dr. Lardner, from all the prominent works on the subject, as well as from many witnesses of his acquaintance, living and dead—will do well to peruse our Reports, especially if they desire to read them, when concluded, in a connected form. If pasted in a common copy-book, an excellent little volume would be easily and cheaply made.

A REVOLTING TRIAL.

A trial for conspiracy to produce a divorce, in which Mrs. Eleanor McEwen is the prosecutrix, and Matthew McEwen and Chalkley Shea are defendants, has been in progress in this city for two weeks past. The details are of too gross and shocking a description to be given in any language in a family newspaper. We hold that an editor [illegible] of such family who takes a newspaper, as a guardian of the morals of the younger members of the same, and he commits a flagrant breach of trust if, for the purpose of gratifying a morbid curiosity, or to attain a temporary popularity, he allows any thing to appear in his columns, calculated to raise a blush upon the cheek of modesty.

Our invariable rule is this,—never to suffer the admission of an article of news into the paper, which we should hesitate to read to a circle of virtuous women. There should be no departure from this rule in any well regulated family journal, as many of the trials reported in our Criminal Courts are utterly unfit for perusal, and should never be suffered to extend beyond the bar of the Court. Those who wish to read these disgusting details, must look elsewhere for a newspaper, as we feel our accountability as public journalists to be too heavy, to allow ourselves to pander to any taste so depraved. Every item of news fit for general perusal shall be carefully culled, and every thing of general interest, in regard to literature, art, science, information or amusement, may be confidently looked for in its columns,—but the gross details of crime, of the kind alluded to in this trial, must be rigidly excluded, and we feel assured that every father, and head of a family, will thank us for adopting the rule.

DYING PATRIOTS.

There is something awe-inspiring in the fact that three of our Presidents died on the 4th of July. The coincidence is, to say the least, strange and inexplicable. Nor do we ever think of their death-beds without a glow of renewed patriotism. The last words of Jefferson were "I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country." The dying words of John Adams, on the same day, were still more characteristic of the man. A few minutes before he died, being roused by the firing of a cannon, and told that his neighbors were rejoicing for the 4th of July, he exclaimed, "It is a great and glorious day," and expired with the words, "Independence forever!" on his lips. President Monroe died on the morning of our National Independence. When the firing began at midnight, he opened his eyes inquiringly, and when the cause was communicated to him, a cheerful, intelligent smile indicated that he understood what the occasion was, although speechless. England has nothing, in her history, like this, if we except the dying words of Algernon Sidney, which excel those of all her other patriots, and thrill the heart like the blast of a trumpet. It was after he had disrobed on the scaffold that he placed his head on the block. The executioner, thinking he only wished, as was usual, to try the block, asked him if he should rise again. "Not till the resurrection," answered the dying patriot, "strike on!"

NOT SO BAD.

We lately told a story of a rogue in Louisville, who slipped a check from a bank-book and got the money, while the owner was chatting with the tellers. We thought then that the trick could not be equalled. But the roguery of two larks in Maryland has made us laugh even more immoderately. These chaps, feeling the want of funds, and knowing that most of the old tricks were worn out, went to the vicinity of a camp meeting about to be dismissed, and stationed themselves at a free bridge over which large numbers would pass, and vamped up a story that the city council had established a toll since the commencement of the meeting, to repair the bridge. They succeeded in taxing quite a number of vehicles at the rate of eighteen and three quarter cents for a four-wheeled, and twelve and a half for a two-wheeled carriage. Having filled their pockets, they decamped,—no doubt laughing heartily at their success.

NICHOLSON CLAIM.

We gave, last week, a history of this claim as well as of Nicholson himself. The inhabitants of the districts, advertised to be sold, are not disposed, however, to sit down quietly and see their farms melt under the hammer. At Hale on the 26th ult., a meeting was held, at which petitions to the Governor, to the Hon. J. B. Anthony, Judge of the Nicholson Court of Common Pleas, and the Commissioners of said Court, were reported, requesting a postponement of the sale until an investigation could be had,—and Hon. John Galbraith and Hon. Wm. M. Watts were appointed to proceed to Harrisburg with them. Meantime several legal gentlemen of the highest eminence have given their opinions unbought against the validity of the claim.

ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

A somewhat romantic incident occurred during Victoria's late visit to Scotland, reminding one of the adventures which so often befel one of the Kings James of that realm. The Queen and Prince Albert were walking out one morning, when they met a canny Scot, who took them for a couple who had come, like himself, to see the [illegible], and when they asked him the way to the Den of Aberfeldy, crowded with the birks (birch trees) which Burns has immortalized in song, he said, "Ye see, I'm just going that way myself; for I hae a notion that the Queen and Prince will be gauging to see Aberfeldy, and I shall like to be there and see them." He accompanied them, and the Prince asked how he would know the Queen? "Weel," said Sandy, "I doubt not she'll wear the crown of gold on her head." He was answered she would not. "Weel, may be not, for it must be unco' heavy [illegible]; but I'll warrant I'll ken her by her [illegible], as she stands taller than the rest of them." [illegible] said that probably the Queen was not so tall as any of the ladies who would be with her. "Eh, mon," said the Scot, "I'll ken her as [illegible] like a star upon the dark blue sky at night." The Queen smiled, and the Prince said that they must now return, as they had seen the glen. A few hours after they drove to the glen and, sure enough, found Sandy before them. The Queen and Prince smiled recognition to their acquaintance, and the former commenced telling what had passed at their morning interview. While all were laughing at the joke, Sandy had sidled up to the side of the Queen's carriage, and, just as the tale was ended, he handed his snuff-box to Prince Albert, saying, "Ye'd better hae a pinch o' snuff. Eh, that was a pretty trick ye tried on me this morn, but it wad not dee, (would not do.) Ye did nae ken that I kenned wha ye were, but would not fash ye with spoiling you bit joke."

It turned out, on enquiry, that, at first, Sandy did not know who his two companions were, but the free manner in which, as apparent strangers, they spoke of the Queen and Prince, soon convinced him of their identity, and he had good sense and sufficient natural politeness to allow them to carry on the joke. When the explanation was made, the Queen laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks. It was a happy turn for Sandy, for he turned out to be an excellent gardener, and the Queen had him engaged as one of the assistants at Windsor. Sandy was born a courtier.

PATHETIC STORY.

In no place in this country do so many pathetic incidents occur as in New Orleans. The Picayune relates one which is at once touching and romantic. Some sixteen years ago an amiable New England family landed there, numbering seven in all. There was father, grandfather, mother and grandmother, and three bright children. The oldest boy was then five years old, and at this day he is all of the seven that is alive. On the first season of their arrival three of the old people were swept off, leaving the old grandfather, a man almost blind, in sole charge of the children. Yet that old man lived on until a year or two ago, and those children died successively in his arms all but the boy we mention. This whole period continued one of poverty and affliction. In the latter part of the old man's life, he was wholly supported from the salary of his remaining grandchild. About a year ago the grandfather died, and the sole remnant of the family is now a noble youth of about twenty-one, a young man who has grown up in trial and hard fortune, which have not passed over him without forming in his character that "precious jewel" brought only by adversity.

"The young man," says the Picayune, "is now one of the most estimable that could be pointed out in New Orleans. Many are, doubtless, like him, isolated and bereft of kindred in this great city of changes and fluctuations, and his story, after all, is but that of many others around us. It is a fair subject for reflection, though, and for sober mental consideration, the utter separation from kith and kin of one growing up into useful and active life. Were relatives still alive, though distant, a far different case would appear; but this youth knows nothing of another connection on earth. When his father and mother fell here by the pestilence, and the old, silver-haired grandfather at length departed, the boy who came surrounded by friends from his early home, was left alone. The world is now before him, where to choose, and he can stride forward alone to fame and eminence. Of the near relations he has lost, little affliction of memory can now remain, for time will cicatrize all wounds. Only the grandfather is now and then spoken of, and it is when discoursing of this old man (who grew both blind and deaf before he died,) that the last remnant of the family [illegible] that which attracted us into writing this imperfect sketch."

WAR IN AFFGHANISTAN.

The policy of England in making war on the Affghans is strongly censured, not only by other Christian nations, but by a large portion of her own population, as unjust, inhuman and tyrannical. We were much struck with the truth of the following remarks from a late number of the Court Journal:—

"But even setting aside the immutable laws of God—of which we bear the monitor in our hearts—what will be the result of our continued aggression? Not only will it raise hatred against us on all sides, frustrate our commerce, ruin still further our finances, but it will ultimately make good soldiers and enemies to be feared, even of the most pusillanimous of those nations who now fly before our soldiers like chaff before the wind. Of this—history offers us innumerable instances. The Russians, up to the battle of Pultawa, fled with no less precipitancy than the Chinese do now, before a handful of Swedes, led by that mad hero, Charles XII. But soon after, Sweden began to succumb, and Russia is in possession of the best of its provinces. In our days the most inglorious of the wild tribes of the north shook 'the rime off their cloaks in the palace of Napoleon;' have conquered Persia and Turkey,—in the latter country appearing at the very portals of Constantinople,—and in both lands retaining an immense expanse of territory, now irrevocably theirs. Still does this very nation, which keeps Europe in constant fear,—and that at the present moment,—furnish us with the necessary lesson, that, in an unjust aggression, where national honor and the love of the fatherland are excited, the feeblest of enemies must not be despised. The Russian forces have just been defeated in the Caucasus with as much slaughter by the Circassians, as the chivalry of that wild tyrant, Charles of Burgundy, was by the free Switzers in the valley of Morat. In Affghanistan alone there have been 15,000 men killed—50,000 camels lost—13 to 14 millions sterling expended—permanent charges of four millions and a half per annum incurred—and the hatred of Mussulman, and the distaste and disaffection of Hindoo soldiers, have been excited."

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

The annual exhibition of the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture, began on Wednesday morning, at the Rising Sun Village, three miles from Philadelphia, at the intersection of the Germantown and Old York Turnpikes. The display was highly creditable to the farmers of the vicinity. The exhibition of stock was particularly to be commended. Hundreds of spectators were present, especially on Thursday when the sale took place. The prices, though not so high as they have been, were very fair, considering all circumstances. The premiums were awarded on Thursday morning, after which the President of the Society, N. Biddle, Esq., delivered an appropriate address. On the first day of the exhibition, the Society dined in form, members, committees and invited guests participating. On Friday, the last day of the exhibition, a ploughing match was to come off, but we had not, at the time we went to press, heard who were the victors. The interest in the transactions of this Society increases yearly, and under its fostering care improvements in stock, implements, &c., &c., are annually being made. There were several excellent improvements in farming utensils shown at this year's exhibition. We noticed, among others, a hand machine, of much utility for grinding corn, cob and all, which, if brought into general use, would afford a great saving in feeding cattle of all kinds. Among the animals, Mr. Robinson's stud George Washington, by Bashaw, and Mr. Weaver's horse Gen Jackson, were the subjects of most admiration—although in no ways related to each other, they would, by many, be taken for full brothers, so much are they alike. Mr. James Gowen and Judge Longstreth both contributed fine specimens of stock. A sow and six sucklings, of the Hampshire breed, from the farm of the former, attracted general attention.

POOR IN WASHINGTON.

There appears to be no provision for the poor at the Capital of the nation. The Intelligencer says, "Instances have not unfrequently occurred, within the last twelve months, of persons being found going about the streets of this metropolis bereft of reason, home, shelter, protection, friends, or any means whatever to procure them food or raiment, which they absolutely needed."

PRICE OF WHEAT.

We find in the St. Louis papers a circular addressed to the farmers, millers and merchants of Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Wisconsin, respecting the probable [illegible] wheat, both here and in the west, during the [illegible] season. The circular is issued by a Mr. George K. Budd, who has established a house at St. Louis, for the purpose of transacting the Flour and Commission business. He seems to have gleaned and digested some valuable statistics respecting his business, but perhaps he may hold forth a too sanguine view of the case, as men are apt to be more or less influenced, unknown to themselves, by their interests. As the circular, however, cannot fail to be of great value to our agricultural readers, we give the important portions of it. After stating that the opinions and estimates are his own, though the data are drawn from official sources, Mr. Budd proceeds:

"The wheat crop of the United States in the year 1839 was, by the Marshal's return, *eighty-four millions eight hundred and twenty-three thousand* bushels. I estimate the crop of the present year to exceed that of 1839, by 30 per cent. or nearly one-third—giving an aggregate production in 1842, of *one hundred and ten millions two hundred and sixty-nine thousand* bushels. This great increase (for I estimate it at 30 per cent. on last year's production,) is readily accounted for, from two prominent causes: First, wheat in 1841 paid the farmer better than any other production of the soil, and secondly, the extraordinary yield of that which was sown. The statistics of consumption in the United States, in ordinary years, is four bushels of wheat, or a fraction over four-fifths of a barrel of flour per capita to every inhabitant, (this also allows for the quantity used in manufacturing and other purposes,) consequently, with our present population, now not short of 18,500,000, the consumption will be seventy-four millions of bushels; on account of the low price, however, I estimate the consumption this year at four and a half bushels per head, making an aggregate consumption of 83,250,000 bushels; thus, there will be a SURPLUS of 27,019,000 bushels to supply foreign demand.

"Let us examine from whence this demand is to come. In ordinary years of yield in England, the annual import of foreign bread stuffs into that kingdom, flour and grain included, is twenty millions of bushels; one-half of this is from the United States direct and through the Canadas, and not less than ten millions of bushels more, (equal to nearly 2,076,000 barrels of flour—38½ gallons of standard wheat being equal to a barrel of flour,) finds its way to South America and the Islands of the Sea. We have then a balance of six and a half millions, which may go into the crop of '43 without materially affecting the price of '42. Hence I conclude, *provided,* there is an average crop in England, the States on the Baltic and in France, that although the price of grain will be low, it (prime wheat,) will NOT fall in the northern Atlantic ports, below ninety cents. Wheat will bear to be shipped at St. Louis, at 45 cents, when the price east is 90 cents, but no profit can be made on it. The great surplus of wheat this year will be grown in the western states—those east of the mountains will not yield much more than an average crop, probably five per cent. above it. Ohio will yield not less than twenty-one millions of bushels, being the largest grain growing state in the Union, and estimating her population in 1842 at 1,700,000, her surplus will be 13,000,000, most of which leaves the State, via Canada, Buffalo and Orleans.

"From the best data within my reach, I estimate the yield of those States bordering on the Mississippi, and of which St. Louis is the great depot, as follows:

Illinois yielded in 1839, 3,335,000 bushels—increase in 1842, 75 per cent. is 5,847,000.

Missouri yielded in 1839, 1,037,000 bushels—increase in 1842, 100 per cent. is 2,064,000.

Wisconsin yielded in 1839, 212,000 bushels—increase in 1842, 200 per cent. is 636,000.

Iowa yielded in 1839, 154,000 bushels—increase in 1842, 500 per cent. is 924,000,

making the aggregate Wheat product of these four States and Territories, *nine million four hundred and seventy thousand* bushels. The aggregate population of these States is now not less than 992,000, being a gain of 15 per cent. on the census of 1840, and the consumption of Wheat at 4½ bushels to the head, is 4,464,000 bushels, thus leaving a SURPLUS of 5,006,009 bushels for export—one half of which will find its way through St. Louis, to the sea board. In conclusion I remark the price (of wheat) for own SURPLUS, will almost depend on the English grain crop; *if* this is short there will be a demand for more than all excess of yield, and the price in the Atlantic cities would probably rise to a minimum of $1,25 with an upward tendency. If on the other hand the crop of Great Britain should be an average one, it is worthy of remark, (as a consolation to the Farmer,) that from the year 1820 to that of 1841, prime Wheat has never been less in price, in Philadelphia, than 92 cents, equal to $4,66, per barrel for flour.

"This was in 1829 and 26, in both of which years, this country and Great Britain, had plentiful harvests.

"Wheat on the Ohio, in 1820, sold for 20 cents, in 1826 it brought 38 cents; the discrepancy between 20 and 38, while the prices of each year *were the same* (92 cents) in the Atlantic Cities, may be accounted for by the facilities of steam navigation in 1826 over 1820.

"I again repeat my conviction, that *prime* Wheat during the present season, will not go below 90 cents in the Northern Atlantic Cities, at which price in New York it should (it can be landed in New York for 40 cents per bushel) command here 45 cents per bushel—*provided,* it is standard [illegible] which, however, it will not be, till October. I shall address a private circular to those who will furnish me with their address, on the 20th of October, giving the prices and prospects of our (St. Louis) grain and flour market, and as I have now judicious correspondents in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and New Orleans, (and design to open a direct correspondence with a Liverpool grain house) shall be able to give the earliest and fullest advices from these respective markets.

GEORGE K. BUDD.

DEER STALKING.

One of the objects of the Queen's late visit to Scotland, was to give Prince Albert a chance to have some deer-stalking, of which so graphic an account is given in Scott's Waverley. His wish was gratified at the Marquis of Breadalbane's among the Highlands of Argyleshire. In the cleared centre of a forest, surrounded by hills, the Prince and his friends assembled. A line of circumvallation was formed, describing a circle of which each part was about three miles from the centre, where the Prince was. This line was formed by about 200 men, who knew the country well, and the object was, by gradually narrowing this circle, shooting all the while to frighten the deer, to drive them into the centre. This was done, and the Prince shot about 17 deer. He also killed several head of game, and the whole were carried down the lawn in front of Taymouth Castle for the Queen to see. This execution, however, does not prove any great skill on the part of the *Prince* as a shot. In point of fact, not one shot was fired during the whole day, except by him. He was attended by two gamekeepers, and the Marquis of Breadalbane. He had six double barrelled guns which were reloaded as fast as he discharged them, the Marquis handing each gun to him as he wanted it, and there was no great art required to kill 17 deer out of 200 that were driven close to him, nor to bag a few head of game when some acres had been strictly preserved for some time before. The Prince would make a poor show alongside of some of our candle-snuffing, rifle-shooting western boys.

OH! HAPPY PIGS.

Who does not recollect one of Neal's characters wishing that he was a pig? We guffawed for an hour when we came to the remark, and we have seen nothing of the kind since, which so affected our risibles, until we met the following, from the report of the Committee on Swine, at the late Agricultural Fair, at Albany. Must not the Chairman, when he penned this report, have been a little funny, eh? Hear him. "Pigs are happy people. We may talk disparagingly about living like a pig. To live like a pig is to live like a gentleman. Although it is not permitted by the order of nature that a pig should laugh, or even smile, he enjoys the next best blessing of humanity, the disposition to grow fat. How easily he goes through the world! He has no fancy stocks to buy—no bank notes to pay—no indignation meetings to attend—no log cabin assemblies to hold. He has no occasion to take the benefit of the Bankrupt Act, or to have his estate confiscated to defray the expenses of the settlement. Free from all the troubles that disturb the busy world, he is as unconcerned among the changes of earthly affairs, as was the citizen who was waked in the earliest light of morning, by being told day was breaking: 'well,' said he, as he turned again to his repose, 'let day break, he owes me nothing.' When we look at the comparative condition of the human race and of the swinish multitude, we may come to the conclusion that if a man will not be a man he had better be a pig."

FIGHT WITH A SLAVER.

A late number of the Liberia Herald gives an account of an engagement between H. B. M. brig Rolla, and a slaver called the Volladore. The Volladore has made some half dozen successful trips, each time carrying a full cargo of slaves. The Rolla fell in with her, and attempted to board her with her boats. She remained perfectly quiet until the boats were alongside, when the men on board opened a galling fire upon them with heavily charged blunderbusses. Eight of the Rolla's men including one or two officers, were severely wounded, and the boats forced to retire precipitately. The Volladore is remarkably swift, and of course escaped. A few days before the engagement, the Rolla was engaged in destroying a slaving establishment at Boulima. The destruction was effected, but at the same hour a cargo of slaves was shipped off about thirty miles to the windward, from a point which the Rolla up to that period had been investing in close blockade for some two or three months.

FROM AFRICA.

By a late arrival from Monrovia, we have received intelligence from Africa to August 15th. We learn that the schooner Mary Carver, of Plymouth, from Boston, was taken by the natives at Little Berebe, Africa, and all hands murdered. There is said to have been no provocation for this outrage; plunder was the sole object. Two years ago a similar outrage was attempted on Capt. Lawlin, while in command of the Atalanta. The natives arrested his men, and had he not been an old trader, would probably have captured his vessel. They should be severely punished. The squadron on that coast must take them in hand. On the 19th July, H. B. M. steam vessel Kite arrived at Sierra Leone from the Niger, bringing Captain Allen, and all the remaining officers of the ill-fated Niger Expedition, as also the citizens (natives) and recaptives of Sierra Leone, who had joined the Expedition as laborers, mechanics, and interpreters. The Expedition is totally abandoned for the present. At Cape Mesurado the light house is nearly completed. Its height is 280 feet, and with good reflectors, the light may be seen for nearly twenty miles.

The Rev. O. K. Canfield, a faithful missionary, died on the 9th of May, at Settra Kroo. The death of the Hon. William C. Barker, is announced in the Luminary. He was born in the State of Maryland, in 1808, and emigrated to Africa in 1833. The Mendians have all forsook the missionaries except eleven men and the three girls.

A TAKE OFF.

The practice of making long-winded commentaries on things which require none is admirably taken off in the last number of the N. Y. Mercury. The editor, availing himself of Mr. Webster's speech, and the remarks made on it by nearly every journalist in the country, proceeds to give his own opinions thereon, in the following wise and owl-like manner. "We think this speech is rather a long one, and if he had not spoken so long, it would have been shorter. We think it is suited to the meanest capacity, and that not a word containing more than seven syllables occurs throughout, which was very considerate of Mr. Webster. We think the sentences commence after a full stop and terminate with one, and that they are generally interspersed with commas, semi-colons and colons, a system of punctuation very wisely adopted. We think Mr. Webster rose before he spoke, and sat down when he concluded, and we have no doubt that during a part of the time, his hands were united beneath his coat tails. Upon the whole we consider the speech in all respects like public speeches in general, and that we are infinitely the wiser and better for it, if we did but know it!" Now this is about as sagacious as most of the remarks usually made on such occasions.

A SEVERE WINTER.

We incline to think, with the Philadelphia Ledger, that the ensuing winter will be a very severe one, though we do not know how far the signs that journal places faith in are to be credited. We give its words, however. "The old folks and other wise ones are unusually confident in their predictions that the coming winter is to be one of unusual severity. The sky, sun, moon and stars, and goose bones, they declare to be all indicative of this. Another sign on which these predictions are based, and a new one to us, though it may not be to our agricultural friends, was pointed out a few days since in the market, by a huckster woman, in the thickness of the skin or outer coating of the onions of this years' growth. She said the coating of these vegetables this year was some three or four times the thickness of those grown last year and the year previous; and she put that down as a sign that never failed. The onion, she declared, never screened its shoulders by an over-coat without cause. Though the source of many tears, we were not aware that the onion was able to *look* so far into futurity. Nature, however, is a prudent mother, and we are far from scoffing at the predictions and signs here pointed out."

A FATAL FIGHT.

Another man has been killed in a fight in New York, though, in this case, the combat was accidental. It appears that on Saturday evening, two men named James and Hugh Crossie, went into a Dutch porter house and sat down to play a game of dominoes, when a young man named George Conkwright, looked over their shoulders, and a by-stander named Thomas Humphries, intimated that such an interference with the game was improper. Some words ensued, when Goodwin rose from the table to take the part of Humphries, and a challenge passed between him and Conkwright to go into the street to fight it out. They went out together and Conkwright was seen to strike him on the head, when he fell to the pavement and was taken up in a state of insensibility, and died on Sunday morning. A post mortem examination of the body was made, when it was ascertained that the skull was fractured from the lower part of the parietal bone through the occipital bone to the foramen magnum, and that the immediate cause of his death was compression of the brain produced by the fracture. Conkwright was arrested and is safe in prison.

ANOTHER SAM PATCH.

By late English papers we see that a second Sam Patch has arisen, and is "astonishing the natives" in Great Britain, by his wonderful leaps. He is a young American sailor named Michael Smith, about twenty three years old. He leaped from the summit of the lamp frame on Sunderland bridge into the river Wear—a height of upwards of 110 feet! On reaching the water, he struck out, and swam "like a sea-bird," to a keel or barge, from whence he saluted the spectators on the bridge and on the heights, in the style of a true Jack tar, which was immediately returned by a round of hearty cheers from the astonished multitude. The first attempt made by Smith was prevented by the interference of the police, who took him into custody, on the charge that he obstructed the thoroughfare of the bridge, by inciting multitudes to crowd it, to witness the spectacle! The second attempt was effected by his evading the eyes of the public officers. The reason assigned by the young man for his perilous adventure, was to raise a little money in order that he might be enabled to fit himself out for sea. At a second attempt, however, he was nearly killed.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

The annual report of the Directors of this company has appeared, from which it appears that the nett revenue of the year's business is, in round numbers, $205,000, being upwards of five per cent. on the $4,000,000 expended to Harper's Ferry; and nearly three per cent. on the entire cost of the Road and its appendages from Baltimore to Cumberland. These results are excellent, considering that the Road to Hancock has only been in operation since June last; and they furnish the well-founded expectation, that with the large increase of travel which will be secured to the Road on its completion to Cumberland, the business of the year just entered upon must exhibit a rate of profit probably double that of the past year. With the Erie railroad on one side, and the Ohio railroad on the other, it behoves the Pennsylvanians to be on the look out.

GALE AT CHARLESTON.

A very severe gale occurred at Charleston, S. C., on Wednesday, the 5th inst., overflowing the wharves and several of the streets, so that persons had to be removed from their houses in boats. A distressing accident occurred in the afternoon. During the blow, a fishing boat containing five negroes, viz: Jefferson and George, belonging to Mr. J. Jeannerett, Ned, belonging to Mr. Nellichamp, William, belonging to Mrs. C. Macbeth, and a negro boy belonging to Mrs. Hughs, while crossing the Bar, on the way to town, was swamped, and all on board perished. There was a boat a short distance ahead of them, and those on board missed the one in the rear suddenly, but being themselves in a very perilous situation, they could not return to render any assistance. No material damage was done by the gale.

RHODE ISLAND.

The trials of the persons charged with treason against Rhode Island, are to begin on Monday. Bills of indictment have been found against the following persons:—Clovis H. Bowen, Franklin Cooley, Hezekiah Willard, Benjamin Arnold, J. Burrington Anthony, David Parmenter, and others. A requisition arrived at Providence, on Saturday morning, from Governor Davis, of Massachusetts, for the delivery, to the proper authorities, of Wm. Blodget, and others, for an alleged offence against the character and dignity of that State. The offence was committed during the "civil war," and consisted—we believe—in crossing the line into Massachusetts and taking some prisoners from a house.

BOARDING SCHOOL.

By reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that the winter term of the Kimberton boarding school for young ladies will commence on the 1st of next month.

A QUEER PLACE.

To judge of the names of hills, harbors, coves, rivers, bays, headlands and capes of Newfoundland, that island must be a comical place. Who ever heard of the Blow-me-down-Hills, the Come-by-Chance-Brook, the Seldom-Come-by-Harbor, and the Funk Islands. Go to Newfoundland and lo! they are there. There too are Bloody Beach, Damnable Bay, Deadman's Point, Ragged Islands, Bay Despair, The Frying Pan, Cape Broil, Mount Misery, Wolf Bay, the Bishop's Falls, Lion's Den, Bay of Fair and False, Muddy Hole, Pope's Harbor, Goose Cove, and Gander Bay! We wonder how the people talk and write there. We suppose something like the girl who replied to her lover, when he asked her to have him, "*dearjohnIamyoursforeversallyjones.*"

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.

A dreadful accident lately occurred in Switzerland. The catastrophe happened with M. Brossard, Professor of Philosophy at the College of Bourg, and his lady, and Madame De La Flechere, a friend, were making an excursion in an open carriage. In going down a steep declivity, the reins gave way, and the horses dashed over a precipice 300 feet deep, dragging the carriage after them. Madame Brossard was killed on the spot; M. Brossard was seriously hurt, but is expected to recover; Madame De La Flechere, who was thrown out as the carriage was falling down, caught by some shrubs growing out of the side of the precipice, and was scarcely injured. This miraculous escape puts fiction to flight.

MEXICO.

The latest intelligence from Mexico states that Congress has reported two Constitutions—both strictly federal. A letter writer from that country says:—"If Santa Anna approve the one adopted, there is an end of him and of war on Texas; if he does not approve, there will be trouble enough here. I think he will be overcome. If Santa Anna retains power, which is rather more than doubtful, there will be a large army—15,000 at least—sent to Texas in the fall. You may rely upon it. The invasion will both be by sea and land." The English officers on board the Mexican fleet, are on leave of absence from their own service, and still receive half pay.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

The Fair of the American Institute was opened at Niblo's, New York, on Monday. The exhibition comprises specimens of the mechanic arts, in horticulture, agriculture, &c. The display is said to be very brilliant. Upwards of five hundred premiums, it is expected, will be awarded. A grand ploughing match under the direction of the Institute was to come off at East New York, five miles from Brooklyn, on Wednesday. Invitations had been sent to the farmers of New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, and other States, to enter their teams. A spirited competition was expected.

The Elections.

PHILADELPHIA.

In the City of Philadelphia, the Whig party has, as usual, carried its ticket. The number of votes polled was unusually large for a local election. The vote for Mayor was for J. M. Scott (Whig) 6145; for Richard Vaux (Dem.) 5137; showing a majority for Scott of 1008. The Select and Common Council are Whig, by an average majority of between 500 and 600. The Whigs of the city have elected their ticket for Assembly and Senate, by an average majority of 900 votes.

In the County, the result has been the very reverse, as, in all the districts, the Democrats have triumphed. For Mayor of the Northern Liberties, Cannon (Dem.) received 2206 votes, while Erety (Whig) received 1677, being a majority of 529 for Cannon. In Spring Garden, the Commissioners are Democratic by a majority of about 200. In Southwark, the regular nominated ticket has prevailed over the independent ticket by an average majority of 700 votes, omitting Tanner, who ran on both tickets. The Assembly ticket, for the County, has succeeded by an average majority of 2500 votes.

The officers in the row—that is the Prothonotaries of the District Court and of the Court of Common Pleas, the Recorder of Deeds, Quarter Session Clerk, County Commissioner, Auditor, Clerk of Orphan's Court, Register and Coroner—for whom the voters of both City and County vote, belong to the Democrats, with the exception of Mr. Dale, the Whig candidate for Prothonotary of the District Court. Mr. Dale is a son of the celebrated Commodore Dale, the lieutenant of the Bon Homme Richard, when she fought the Serapis. From this, or from other causes, he ran far ahead of his ticket, receiving, in the city, a majority of 2041. At the time we went to press, the returns had not been made from all the Districts, but it was almost certain that Dale had succeeded, while the other Whig candidates had failed. The majorities for these officers in the City were as follows:

Dale, for Prothonotary District Court,	2041
Prevost, for Register,	1584
Lentz, for County Commissioner,	888
Elkinton, for Coroner,	987
Pomeroy, for Quarter Sessions,	1637
Crowell, for Auditor,	940
Ash, for Recorder,	1378
Smith, for Orphan's Court,	1626
Murray, for Common Pleas,	1619

The majorities of their opponents, in the County, will probably average 1800, and may, in some cases, rise higher. The vote for Recorder of Deeds is very close. The whole majority of the Democrats, for these officers, will probably be 600 and upwards.

PENNSYLVANIA.

In Schuylkill County a regular and irregular Democratic ticket was run, the Whigs supporting the latter. The member for Assembly and the Prothonotary of the irregular ticket, and the Register and Recorder of the regular ticket are elected.

In the *Senatorial district composed of Lancaster and York,* Judge Champneys, the Democratic candidate, has been elected. In Lancaster county Ebler, the independent candidate, has beaten the regularly nominated Whig candidate by 200 votes for Sheriff. Judge Champney's majority in the whole district is 200.

In Cumberland County the Whigs have succeeded so far as heard from. There were three tickets, which were as follows: Democratic 1710—Anti-tax 699—Anti-Mason 2061.

Lebanon has, as usual, elected a Whig to the House by 700 majority.

Franklin County has elected one Democrat, Samuel Gilmore, by 28 majority, and one Whig, Thomas Carson, to the House, by a majority of 30.

York County gives Champney, for Senate, 1051 majority—elects a Whig Sheriff—and the whole of the regular Democratic ticket.

Adams has elected the Democratic ticket—Assembly and all the county offices.

Allegheny—The passengers in the cars from Pittsburg, speak with great confidence of the election of John Andregg, democrat—the probable success of Wm. Karns, also a democrat, and the election of the whole whig ticket.

Bedford has elected John Sipes, democrat, and one whig to the House.

Westmoreland has elected the democratic ticket.

Mifflin and *Juniata* have given over 500 democratic majorities, which leads to the presumption that the representative district of Mifflin, Union and Juniata has elected three democrats to the House.

Northumberland gives Horton, Democrat, for Senate, 300 over Forsythe, Democrat, and 400 over Quay, (Whig) and elects Jacob Gearhart to the House by a very large majority.

Eighth District, called the "big district," has been partially heard from, and we think, from the complexion of the returns, that Henry C. Eyre, Democrat, has again been elected.

Columbia has elected Daniel Snyder to the House. He is a Democrat.

Third Senatorial District.—Returns from Chester show a majority of 597 for Richardson, over Bailey, Democrat. Montgomery overcomes this majority.

Lancaster has elected six Whigs to the House.

In Montgomery County the Democrats have succeeded by majorities of about 800.

In Bucks County the Democratic ticket has succeeded, with the exception of Griffiths, one of the assemblymen. The democratic sheriff has about 150 majority.

In Dauphin County, the Democratic Senator, one Democratic Assemblyman and two Whig Assemblymen seem to have been elected. The County officers, with the exception of the Prothonotary, appear to be Democratic.

Bradford has elected one whig.

From Berks there is nothing positive except that the Democratic Assemblymen are elected, there being no opposition. There seems to be a doubt who will be Prothonotary. Miller, an independent candidate, leads, so far, Young the regular Democratic candidate.

These results are not, in one half the instances official, but they are as accurate as we could arrive at.

MARYLAND.

The election for Maryland has terminated. The General Assembly will this year comprise 21 Senators and 82 Delegates. Of these, the Whigs have 13 Senators and 35 Delegates; and the Democrats 8 Senators and 46 Delegates—making a Democratic majority of six on joint ballot of the two Houses, and leaving a tie for one delegate in St. Mary's. This, of course, elects a Democratic U. S. Senator in the next Congress.

The following is the result by counties:

SENATE.

	Whig.	Dem.
Senators holding over,	9	5
Montgomery,	1	0
Prince George's,	0, whig loss	1
Anne Arundel,	0, whig loss	1
Calvert,	0, whig loss	1
Caroline,	1	0
Charles,	1, whig gain	0
Somerset,	1	0
	13	8

HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

Counties.	1842. Whig.	1842. Dem.	1841. Whig.	1841. Dem.
Baltimore City,		5		5
Baltimore Co.,		5		5
Cecil,	2	2		3
Frederick,	2	3		5
Harford,	3	1		4
Montgomery,	2	2	4	
Anne Arundel,		5	1	4
Carroll,		4		4
Washington,		5		4
Prince George's,	4		4	
Kent,	3		3	
Queen Anne,	2	1		3
Charles,	3		3	
Caroline,	1	2	2	1
Calvert,	1	2	3	
Talbot,		3		3
Allegany,	1	3	1	2
*St. Mary's,	2		3	
Dorchester,	4		4	
Somerset,	2	2	4	
Worcester,	3	1	3	1
	35	46	35	44

*A tie between the lowest Whig and highest Democrat.

NEW JERSEY.

The following is the result in this State.

Democrats.	Coun.	Ass.	Whigs.	Coun.	Ass.
Bergin,	1	2	Burlington,	1	5
Cumberland,	1	3	Essex,	1	7
Hunterdon,	1	4	Gloucester,	1	4
Morris,	1	4	Hudson,	1	1
Middlesex,	1	4	Mercer,	1	3
Monmouth,	1	5	Passaic,	1	3
Sussex,	1	3	Somerset,	1	2
Warren,	1	3	Salem,	1	3
Atlantic,	1	1	Cape May,	1	1
	9	29		9	29

An extra from the New York Tribune, however, on Friday morning says that in Morris county the whole Whig ticket has been elected by 30 majority. This will give the Whigs a majority on joint ballot, and enable them to elect the U. S. Senator, besides other important officers.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The Raleigh Register contains the official vote for Governor, which is as follows:

Morehead's whole vote	39,386
Henry's do. do.	34,994
Morehead's Majority	4,392

GEORGIA.

The returns from thirty counties give the Democratic ticket for Congress 11,762, the Whig, 12,411. The majority for the Democratic ticket will be about 5000. The Democrats have lost 3 Senators and gained 5, lost 11 Representatives and gained 17.

General News.

☞ On Friday morning week, in the harbor of New York, several individuals met with a narrow escape from drowning. The New York Sun states that as the steamboat Iolas was coming up from Shrewsbury, Lt. Hunt, of the Navy, with another officer, and thirteen men in a barge, attempted to board her, when, by the mismanagement of the coxswain, the barge came in contact with the steamer's wheel, which instantly destroyed the barge and left them all floating on the water; some saved themselves by the wheel, and some by ropes—but Lieut. Hunt and six men went floating astern. Passed Midshipman Bartlett, of the Navy, a passenger on board, rallied a crew quickly, and launching the yawl of the steamer from the upper deck was after them in a moment, and succeeded in rescuing Lieut. Hunt and all the men from a watery grave. One poor fellow was taken up from beneath the surface quite insensible, but was soon resuscitated.

☞ One of the most cold-blooded murders we have ever heard of, occurred recently on board the steamboat Canebrake, on her downward trip from Montgomery, Ala., to Mobile. An Italian, says the Mobile Journal, of the 1st inst., by the name of John Mark, deliberately drew a pistol, walked up to Mr. W. Clarke, a gentleman from Greene county, and shot him dead. Not a word passed between them on the boat, and no cause is known, or has been given by Mark for the horrid deed. Mr. Clarke died instantly. Mark afterwards attempted to shoot the barkeeper of the boat, who escaped by locking himself up in one of the state rooms. On arriving at Cahawba the remains of Mr. Clarke were interred, and Mark delivered up by Capt. Adams to the sheriff of Dallas county. He will have his trial in Lowndes county, where the murder was committed, at the next term of the Court, which is now in session.

☞ On Friday last, a young man, son of Mr. A. Haines, resident near Mullica Hill, Gloucester county, New Jersey, while engaged in hauling in buckwheat from the field, was, for some time, missed from his horses, and on being visited by some of the family, he was found lying near the middle of the field, dead. He was examined, but no bruise or other mark of violence was observable. He was alone at the labor, and it is supposed after pitching a quantity of the straw upon the wagon, he got up on it with the view of properly placing it, and while thus engaged, was precipitated to the ground and dislocated his neck, though the load he had on was scarcely above the shelvings. The horses had walked with the wagon from where the unfortunate deceased had been engaged with them, to the barn.

☞ The Newark Advertiser, of Saturday evening, says:—"Wm. J. Bryan, a sprightly looking young man from New York, accompanied by a girl calling herself Ann Remnan, were arrested at one of the bridges on the road to New York, last night, by John Agens, one of the city constables, for passing counterfeit money. On being searched upwards of $30 in good money were found upon him, with a bundle of counterfeit fives on the Troy City Bank. He is doubtless one of the persons reported yesterday. Bryan and his companion were both committed for further examination to-day by Justice Andruss."

☞ The Columbia (S. C.) Chronicle of the 28th ult. states that recent tests at the Washington Navy Yard, of the adhesiveness, strength and malleability of the Iron manufactured by the Nesbett Manufacturing Company of South Carolina, have established for it a character infinitely superior to any other iron, foreign or domestic. It is further stated that the officers of the Government are so well satisfied with its superiority over all other iron, that they intend to apply it to the manufacture of gun barrels, and other purposes that require iron of a very superior quality.

☞ The following remedy for rheumatism, either chronic or inflammatory, will be found very efficacious. It has been tested by several old rheumatic patients, and found to afford immediate relief—1 quart spirits of wine, 2 oz. castile soap, 1 oz. spirits of hartshorn, 1 oz. gum camphor, and half a glass of spirits of turpentine. The soap and camphor to be cut in small pieces, and dissolved in the liquids. It can be kept in a bottle, or any close vessel, for use. The parts affected with rheumatism to be rubbed with the mixture and kept warm.

☞ A destructive fire occurred in Montreal on Sunday last. Twenty houses were burned. Nearly all insured. The most important losses are the block of stone stores occupied by Messrs. Brulthorp, Follemie and Lafrenaiere; dwelling occupied by Mrs. Lang and Mr. McDonough; large brick house of F. Y. Bender, Esq., damaged; the coach factory of Mr. Beauchamp, in Chenneville street, and the cabinet workshops of Messrs. Hilton & Baird in rear of it. Several inferior buildings, and a large quantity of furniture were also destroyed.

☞ The way the citizens of Hartford, Conn., got shaved by some rascal or rascals on Wednesday week, is a caution to all business men. It is now ascertained that some $300 or $400 in counterfeit five dollar notes on the Toland Co. Bank, were successfully put off in small sums, to the merchants and other traders. Owing to the military muster and the annual Fair, the city was thronged with visitors throughout the day, and the venders of these spurious bills fully improved the opportunity afforded them to distribute their *favors.*

☞ The Boston Post has been exposing the rascality of a young man, named Charles H. Stowes, aged 22, who had palmed himself off as an officer of the U. S. Army—promised marriage to a young lady—robbed a traveller's trunk—and decamped without paying his board. He had been previously married, under the name of Bouch, at Oswego. The Post calls upon the brethren of the press to "pass him round;" but as he is now closely jugged up in the Ithaca jail, we shall be unable to send him on any further.

☞ A man was sent to the House of Correction in Boston last Saturday, for being drunk. His wife was sent to the same institution about three months ago, his daughter is also there, and two children—one a boy ten years of age, and the other a girl of fourteen, are in the House of Juveniles. Thus the enemy of the human race deprives whole families of their liberty, which they attain but to sink to still deeper degradation.

☞ Accounts from the vicinity of Fort Gibson, induce the belief that there will be serious difficulties with the Cherokees and some of the transported Seminoles, headed by the chieftain Wild Cat. We have had trouble enough in Florida, and this should be a lesson for us always to keep a sufficient force in the Indian country. The western frontiers are greatly exposed, and would suffer severely in case of an outbreak.

☞ A most remarkable case of longevity, in cold rigid New England, is that of John Gilley, of Augusta, Me., who died a few years since, at the venerable age of 124. He married at the age of 80, a girl of 18 years old, by whom he had ten children, the youngest of whom, at his death, was more than 100 years younger than his father. He was of Irish origin, but a native born citizen of Maine.

☞ An alarming sickness has broken out among the hemp-rotters in Newport, Ky., opposite Cincinnati. Two of them the other day were suddenly taken sick, their symptoms showing great distress in the general functions of the animal economy, and in less than one hour they died, and had turned black, or nearly so. The circumstance has occasioned quite a panic among those in the business.

☞ At the time the late turn out of the operatives took place in Lancashire, England, J. Fielden, Esq., M. P., had upwards of 1,000,000 pieces of manufactured goods remaining on hand. Since the *turn out* these goods are in demand at an advance of 9d to 1s per piece. It is calculated that he will make a net profit by the change in prices, produced by the turn out, of from 40 to £50,000 sterling.

☞ Mr. T. N. Parmlee, Government agent has just returned from Canada, where he has discovered vast preparations making to smuggle all kinds of goods into the United States, at various points on the lines. He has forwarded to Washington his first report on smuggling—and will set out in a few days to seize smugglers and their valuables in great quantities.

☞ The elegant stone bridge over Miller's river at Montague, New Hampshire, to have been completed the next day, burst on Friday week, by too great pressure at the sides, before a sufficient weight was placed on the top of the arch, and most of this great structure now lies deep in the bottom of the river. The arch was 79 feet span, with 31 feet rise.

☞ A large furnace is erecting at the Washington Navy Yard, for the purpose of testing the qualities of various kinds of coal in this country. The Navy Commissioners invite specimens from all interested in coal mines. Many varieties have been received from all parts of the Union, and the experiments will probably be made some time in this month.

☞ A severe gale occurred lately in Cuba. The coffee plants were demolished to a great extent; the plaintain trees were laid on the ground as though a great weight had been rolled over them, and the maize crops were completely destroyed. The crops of the island will be much shortened by the destruction wrought by this equinoctial gale.

☞ A service of plate presented to Commodore Stephen Decatur, by the city of Baltimore, for one of his brilliant naval victories over the English in the last war, was sold in New York last Tuesday. This service of plate was valued at $3000, and the widow of the gallant Commodore was compelled to dispose of it—but not without a pang.

☞ There is now on exhibition, at Boston, a remarkable product of human ingenuity. It is a piece of silk, about a yard square, containing a portrait of General Washington, the Declaration of Independence, and fac similes of the signatures of the signers, which was woven, in various colors, during the past year, by Mr. Henry Hardy.

☞ The Boston (Pa.) Sentinel says—"In this county there are seven millions of dollars invested in the coal trade; in flouring mills, one and a half millions; in the manufacture of iron, five hundred thousand; in tanneries, one hundred and fifty thousand; beside a large amount in cotton, woollen and other manufactures."

☞ The body of a man has been found in the woods, near Pittsburg, Pa., supposed to be the man who was recently shot by Mrs. Phillips, when attempting to rob her house. She says she keeps two pistols loaded when her husband is away, and that if the robbers come again, she'll treat them to another *ball.*

☞ During the three last terms of the Court of Common Pleas, in the counties of Barnstable, Nantucket and Dukes, Mass., which contain a population of between 40,000 and 50,000 inhabitants, not a single bill of indictment has been found by the Grand Jury.

☞ About a fortnight ago, in Pittsburg, a girl four months old, who had been left for a short time in a cellar kitchen by her mother, was attacked by a large rat, which so mangled one of the arms of the poor sufferer as to eventually cause her death.

☞ On hearing of the marriage between Levi North, the Equestrian, and Miss West, daughter of the Amphitheatre Manager, a gentleman who was asked by the bridegroom to name his first boy, adopted this—*West by North half North.*

☞ James D. Breckenridge, residing near Louisville, Ky., raised this year twenty tons of clean water rotted hemp, said, by the editor of the Louisville Journal, to be superior to any Russia hemp ever imported into this country.

☞ A very brilliant meteor was seen at St. Louis, on the 25th ult. It seemed not over a hundred feet high, (says the Mound City,) and made a light equal to the most brilliant illumination that art could produce.

☞ Mr. E. Grier, residing near Pittsburg, raised this season a pumpkin weighing 87 pounds. On the same vine with it were fourteen others, all raised from a single seed, and weighing in all 852 pounds.

☞ A young and jolly spark was once urged by his sweetheart to cross the Atlantic. He cooly remarked that it would involve a useless expense, as he was usually *half seas over* when at home.

☞ On the 30th ult., the police officers of Quebec all struck, and refused to do further duty, because they had not been paid for two months. That day must have been the *rogue's jubilee.*

☞ The "greatest man" in Europe, says the Antwerp Journal, is dead—viz: the Belgian Giant, Peerkin Van Gorp. He was eight feet high, and thirty-two years of age.

☞ If they have *reflecting* ovens, why not have imaginative gridirons, contemplative frying-pans, and meditative tea-kettles. So asks the cogitative editor of the Mercury.

☞ Mr. Pope, who nearly killed Mr. Bliss in Louisville, Ky.,—on account of which we gave last week—has been admitted to bail in $10,000. Mr. Bliss is yet alive.

☞ The police of New York have recovered some $15,000 to $20,000 worth of laces, silks, gloves, hosiery, &c., supposed to have been stolen from Southern cities.

☞ The French beet-root sugar crop of the present year, is estimated at 64,000,000 pounds, equal to half the quantity imported from the French colonies.

☞ It is said that the oil dealers in Cincinnati have changed their symbol. Instead of a whale bone for a sign, they now swing out a pig's tail.

☞ Nine hundred persons in Warren county, Mississippi, were reported by the tax collector as unable to pay the State taxes.

☞ It is said that a French admiral is looking through the Pacific, for a spot whereon to establish a penal settlement.

☞ The news by the British Queen arrived at Savannah in *three days and a half* from New York. Quick work!

☞ Mitchell, ex-member of Congress, is said to be employed as principal white-washer of Sing Sing prison.

☞ Last year, the total decrease of the consumption of wines, in England, was 485,925 gallons.

☞ The Theatre at Natchez is now occupied as a livery stable.

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Notices of New Works.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: *October*, 1841.—The North American Review is the oldest, and from its establishment has been the best periodical of its kind in the United States. It has been successively under the editorship of "The North American Club," composed of Dana and his associates; and of Edward and Alexander Everett, Jared Sparks, Professor Palfrey its present conductor, and several other distinguished New England writers. The last number contains among a variety of interesting and able articles, one exhibiting the most extraordinary thefts from its own pages by a contributor to the *English Monthly Review*. It appears that the English critic, presuming that no one "reads an American book" or periodical, has committed no less than six piracies in the "Monthly" for this year from the forty-eighth number of the North American, and also from the 45th, 47th, and 49th numbers. In 1838, two previous larcenies occur in the Monthly, committed on the 45th and 47th numbers of the North American, upon the articles "Balbi on Libraries" and "Fifty years of Ohio." In the January (1834) number of the Monthly is a plagiarism from the 48th number of the North American—article, "Sparks Life and Writings of Washington." In the June (1839) number of the Monthly, there is another upon the "Writings of Victor Hugo" in the 44th number of the American. In the December (1840) number of the Monthly, there is a theft upon the 48th number of the North American, article—"Duponceau on the Chinese Language." (This was noticed in the Advertiser and Transcript last winter—the article itself being from the pen of that well known linguist, the Hon. John Pickering.) And, lastly, in the Monthly for June (1841) there is another piracy from the 49th number of the North American, article—"Holbrook's North American Herpetology." To one of these articles, the modest English gentleman has facetiously added a few paragraphs on the copyright question, showing how the Yankees pilfer European periodicals (!) and republish European books, to the great injury of all parties. The North American gives a happy parody of this specimen of originality. We fancy such unscrupulous and extensive thefts have never been detected in this country. *Drew & Scammell, are Philadelphia Agents of the N. A. Review.*

THE BOSTON MISCELLANY: *Drew & Scammell, agents.*—The October number of the Miscellany sustains its well won reputation. The finest of its contents is a poem "To a Flying Swan, at Midnight, in the Valley of the Huron," by the Rev. Louis C. Noble, of North Carolina, which we shall present in the next number to the readers of the Post. The magazine has also articles by Alexander H. Everett, J. H. Ingraham, W. A. Jones, H. T. Tuckerman, and several other clever writers. The article, by Mr. Jones, on Sonnets, is very interesting. He thinks truly that Wordsworth, Coleridge and Keats are the only English poets of this century who have written good sonnets. In speaking of Keats, he pays the following just tribute to a young American poet.

"A brother bard, (J. R. Lowell,) whose first volume contains passages and poems Keats would have been willing to acknowledge, and whose own delicate genius enables him to appreciate a cognate talent, has done honor to the English bard in stanzas, that put to the blush all prose criticisms. Poets should criticise each other, or rather be the most intelligent admirers of their respective talents. A critic is 'of understanding all compact,' and wants imagination to relish the finest touches. 'The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo.'

"Mr. Lowell is further to be mentioned, as the only American poet (we know of,) who has written a number of good sonnets. Others have written single sonnets, or a few. Our finest poets, Bryant and Dana, have written none, so far as we remember. We will not so disparage Mr. Lowell, as to tell him his sonnets are first-rate of their kind. They are not; but they are good, and much beyond the average excellence of the majority of similar attempts."

THE HISTORY, DIAGNOSIS, AND TREATMENT OF TYPHOID AND TYPHUS FEVER, *with an Essay on the Diagnosis of Bilious Remittent and of Yellow Fever, &c.—By Elisha Bartlett, M. D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Transylvania University; 8 vo. pp. 393.—Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard, 1842.*—The high reputation of Dr. Bartlett, with the full title of his work, which we give above, will convey to the professional reader as clear an idea of the character of the valuable work before us as the most elaborate essay we could indite. The fevers of this country, it is well known, have been comparatively little investigated until quite recently, and the existence among us of the *typhoid* fever has been hardly suspected, though it has prevailed—especially among the foreign population of the large cities,—to a considerable extent. A work like this of Dr. Bartlett cannot fail, therefore, to be received with strong approval by medical men.

THE EXPECTANT: A NOVEL: *in two volumes.—By Miss Ellen Pickering.—Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.*—It is a rare thing now-a-days, to see a well printed two-volume novel. The shilling publications—owing their existence to the absence of a proper copy right law—have not only put an end to the production of *American* works, but have taken the business of publishing almost entirely from its legitimate channels and given it to newsmen. The "Expectant," is a very clever performance. The authoress is well known by her previous writings, "Nan Darrell," "The Secret Foe," "The Quiet Husband," "The Fright," "Who Shall be Heir," etc. We have not room for an outline of its plot, but those who have read Miss Pickering's former novels, will not require reviews or promises of this to induce them to purchase it.

MISCELLANIES: *By Stephen Collins, M. D.—Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.*—Dr. Collins, we understand, is a resident of Baltimore, and a member of the Maryland House of Delegates. The essays, reviews, and speeches, in this volume are elegantly and chastely written, and bear witness that his mind is highly cultivated, warmed by religious feeling, and guided by a pure taste. The leading essay, on the career and genius of Charles Dickens, is one of the best we have read on the subject. Others, as American Literature, Charles Lamb, David Brainard, The Dying Hour, Woman as a Missionary, etc., will command attention by their kindly spirit, critical justice, and elaborate, scholarly finish.

DIARY AND LETTERS OF MADAME D'ARBLAY. *Edited by her Niece.—Part IV.*—Messrs. Carey & Hart have just published in an octavo pamphlet of 192 pages the fourth part, embracing the contents of the fourth volume of the English edition of the entertaining memoirs of the authoress of "Evelina." We have before expressed very fully our opinions of the work. It is one of the most amusing and graphic specimens of biographical writing in the language, and is destined to a wide and enduring popularity. The fourth part—extending in turn from the beginning of 1786 to the summer of the following year,—is not less interesting than either of its predecessors.

THE WING AND WING—*By Mr. Cooper.*—This new Sea Tale, by the author of The Pilot, is called *The Wing and Wing, or Le Feu Follet* (Jack o' the Southern) and is rapidly passing through the press of Lea & Blanchard. We observe by their advertisement in our columns, that it is to be issued at the low price of *fifty cents per copy*—in place of two dollars as heretofore. The scene lies in the Mediterranean; and one who has looked over it, says that it reminds him of the early efforts of the author during the days of The Red Rover, Pilot, &c.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCES.—Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have just issued the October number of this valuable periodical. Besides the articles of its accomplished editor, Dr. Hays, it embraces papers by Professor Horner, Professor Pancoast, Dr. George W. Norris, Dr. Theodore Romeyn Rick, and many other eminent physicians, surgeons, &c. It is decidedly the best medical magazine in this country.

WHIG ALMANAC *for* 1843. Colon, 203½ Chesnut street, has sent us a copy of this work. Besides the politics, there are innumerable excellent jokes in the book.

AUTHOR BOOKSELLERS.

In an interesting article under this title in the October number of the Democratic Review, we find the following notices of American writers connected with the book trade. The list might have been much enlarged. Herman Hooker, of this city, has produced several religious works of very great merit—of which "The Portion of the Soul," and "Popular Infidelity," have been most frequently republished. Mr. Saunders, the accomplished author of the article before us, is also a writer of considerable merit. Mr. McCarty, of Philadelphia, will in a few weeks publish, in three large duodecimo volumes, the only collection of National Songs and Ballads that has been compiled—edited by himself. We might refer to several others who have made good books as well as sold them.

"We cannot, close our already too extended sketch, without a passing allusion to one or two names, justly entitled to such distinction in our own day, and nearer home: *par exemple*, the senior partner of one of the leading publishing establishments of Philadelphia (Lea and Blanchard's) enjoys no less celebrity as a contributor of numerous scientific papers in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' than he does as being the liberal publisher of the works of two of America's proudest writers—Irving and Cooper. To Henry Carey, late of this firm, we have already made allusion; he has contributed repeatedly to the fugitive literature of the day, and is the author of a work on Banking, Political Economy, &c. In the East, we find Cummings, formerly of the firm of Cummings and Hilliard, author of an elementary book on Spelling and Geography, &c.; Wilkins (of Wilkins and Carter) is author of a work on Astronomy; Isaiah Thomas has written and published a 'History of Printing,' a work of considerable reputation; Samuel G. Drake, the antiquarian bookseller of Boston, is, besides being a member of several learned societies, author of the 'Book of the Indians,' 'Tragedies of the Wilderness,' &c.; Joel Barlow, author of the great American epic, 'The Columbiad,' was also formerly a bookseller at New Haven; nor should we omit to mention the name of James T. Fields, a young man already favorably known to fame,—who has also been distinguished by being appointed to deliver a poem before the societies of Brown University: and is, moreover, a poet of considerable pretensions. In our own city, as well as in those we have referred to, there are many minor members of the author bookselling fraternity, who are modestly moving along the bye-paths of literature, and whom we regret not being at liberty to signalize, since they have done nothing ostensibly in the way of authorship; but there are some exceptions, and we refer with pleasure to those of George P. Putnam, whose 'Tourist in Europe,' and other volumes, justly entitle him to notice; Caserley, of this city, a very respectable Greek scholar, and, lastly, though not least, we will name John Keese, whose beautifully embellished works of the American poets, and recent publication of the 'Poetical Remains of Lucy Hooper,' no less than his active intelligence and literary abilities, render him deserving of our full quota of praise; indeed he deserves the thanks of his brethren for his prompt and manly reply, some time since, to an illiberal attack made against them as a class, in one of the leading journals of this city, in which they were represented as 'knowing very little about the thing they sell; and dispose of a book as they would of a boot, and that their relation to an author was that of a wig-maker to a schoolmaster,—one learned on the outside and the other within,' &c. In his reply to this Mr. K. states 'that some of the most valuable treatises issued from the American press owe their origin to the talent and learning of booksellers; and that moreover, American literature is studded with many gems from the amateur pens of booksellers.' By the way this worthy bibliopolist has, we learn, nearly completed a work on which he has long been occupied during the brief intervals snatched from the arduous avocations of business, which will doubtless comprise much curious bibliographical anecdote respecting those amongst us who follow the 'gentle craft,' as well as the more prominent members of the bookselling fraternity in the United States. It is to be styled 'Memoirs of Printers and Booksellers who have become Eminent Publishers.' Such a work from Mr. Keese's animated and not inelegant pen, cannot fail of proving a highly acceptable contribution to our native literature; nor can it be questioned that it will be destined to occupy a niche in most libraries, the delightful miscellanies of the inimitable D'Israeli. And as affording the latest specimen of our class, we may mention the name of Mr. Norman, of New Orleans, who has just returned from a tour in Central America, the results of which will speedily be given to the world through the press of one of our publishers in the form of an elegantly illustrated and deeply interesting volume on the Ancient Ruins of that mysterious and interesting section of our continent."

LETTER OF BOZ.

The letter which so bitterly attacked the Americans, and which was attributed to Boz, we have before stated to be a forgery. Mr. Dickens has written to Mr. Hone, of New York, on the subject. The following is a portion of the epistle. "The letter, to which you refer, is, from beginning to end, in every word and syllable, the cross of every *t* and the dot of every *i*, a most wicked and nefarious forgery. I have never published one word or line in reference to America in any quarter whatever, except the copyright circular." This explains that matter, though, be it remembered, the copy-right circular might have been less testy. However, let it pass. Its chief fault is, that it is neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. It reminds us of the old couplet,

"Too bad for a blessing, too good for a curse,
We wish from our soul it were better or worse."

We look for the forthcoming work of Boz, meanwhile, with little interest. He is a man of imagination and observation, but not of that character of genius which will enable him to write a valuable, or even correct book, on this country. The mind of Dickens is not comprehensive. His reasoning faculties are scarcely worth a straw. His fame has been derived from his acquaintance with the low society of London, and the imagination with which he has beautified his novels. He will seize on odd characters and features among our people and institutions, which he will graphically sketch, but he can no more understand or truthfully depict our nation, than he can describe the inhabitants of the moon. Does any one doubt us? Read De Tocqueville and then read Boz.

THE IRON CITY.

This is the name of an excellent weekly paper published in Pittsburg, by R. G. Berford, at two dollars per annum. To our subscribers, living in that vicinity, who wish to subscribe for a home-paper we recommend The Iron City with confidence. Mr. Berford is an enterprising, energetic man, and cannot fail to succeed in his undertakings, because he understands the secret of such success—to deserve it. His newspaper is particularly fitted for a local circulation, though its choice selection of general news, and its agreeable literary department ought to render it a welcome guest in any section of the country.

Foreign Varieties.

☞ A London paper states that the Government of India have lately sent an officer, Lieutenant Macpherson, to observe some practices of the "Khonds," a race occupying the mountainous region of the Gangam and Cattack districts. They worship the "Bera Pennoo," or Earthgod, and believe that the earth was uncultivated and unstable till this deity ordered human blood to be spilled before him, on which it became firm and productive. Under this creed the Khond thinks that every field must be enriched with human blood, both at sowing and harvest, and Hindoo victims are yearly purchased for this immolation. They are torn to pieces while living, by the crowd, and their blood sprinkled about.

☞ A Madrid Journal, gives the following as the present state of the Spanish navy: 3 ships of the line, 6 frigates, 1 corvette, 10 brigs, 9 schooners, 4 armed steamers, 3 armed sailing packets, and 2 small vessels of war. The ships of the line are at present not in a state for service, but one, the Soberano, is fitting out at Cadiz; only frigates are fitted out, one is getting ready at Ferrol, and another will soon be ready for sea.

☞ An Italian artist, Signor Andrea Gambassini, is now exhibiting, in London, a model of St. Peter's at Rome, on a grand scale, showing both the interior and exterior of that wonderful edifice to the minutest degree of accuracy. It is on the scale of one to a hundred, being twenty-one feet in length and six feet four inches in height. The signor was engaged fourteen years in its construction.

☞ Captain Cialdi has received orders to proceed to Egypt, to take charge of the obelisk which Mehemet Ali has presented to the Pope. Europeans call it the obelisk of Sesostris; the Egyptians, that of the patriarch Abraham. This will be the twelfth obelisk now in the possession of Rome from Egypt.

☞ The French Chamber of Peers lately voted the erection of a marble statue to the late Duke of Orleans, the execution of which has been entrusted to M. Jalley, a noted sculptor.

☞ A London paper says—"An oak still stands in Bowthorp Park, fifteen yards in girth, in the enormous hollow of which parties of a dozen at a time may dine."

☞ The late Earl of Lichfield, during the last five years of his life, expended for different members of his family, in contested elections, no less a sum than £150,000.

☞ It is expected that one hundred Union Workhouses will be opened in Ireland, during the present autumn, at a cost of £1,020,000.

Literary Intelligence.

☞ A History of Robert (or William) Kidd, the Pirate, in two volumes, comprising also "the first settlement of the Island of Providence, with the remarkable adventures of the two female Pirates, Mary Reed and Anne Bonney, Blackbeard," and some twenty others, published in London a century and a half ago, is now in possession of Robert Banning, Talbot county, Maryland, who gives an account of the work in the National Intelligencer. It is suggested by a contemporary that the work be purchased for some of the public libraries or republished. We suppose, however, that it is quite worthless, as numerous memoirs of Kidd appeared soon after his execution, none of which contained more than a line of truth to a chapter of falsehood. The most correct notices of Kidd have recently been published in the Law Reporter and other journals, derived from the old court records.

☞ We learn from the *Newark Daily Advertiser* that Professor Dodd, of Princeton College, is engaged in preparing for the press, the memoirs, correspondence and speeches of the late Hon. Samuel L. Southard, of New Jersey, which will be published in due season in a large octavo volume. No one among the many distinguished friends of Mr. Southard could have been more fitly selected for the grateful task, for no one enjoyed his confidence in a higher degree, and none certainly can be in no other respects better qualified to write his history, or do justice to the qualities which raised him to an equal rank with the more eminent and honored of his countrymen.

☞ The number of graduates this season, in eighteen colleges, in the following states, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey, was six hundred and fifteen.

Financial.

☞ The authorities of Boston show a commendable promptitude in investigating the operations of swindling bankers. William Wyman ex-president, and Thomas Browne, Jr., ex-cashier of the Phoenix Bank, recently exploded, and William H. Skinner, of the firm of Stanley, Reed & Co., were arrested, and held to bail in the sum of $100,000 each, on Monday. The complaints charge that Wyman and Browne have embezzled the sum of $300,000 from the Phoenix Bank, and also that Mr. Skinner conspired with them to perpetrate the fraud, which is made larceny by the Revised Statutes. The defendants appeared with their counsel at the appointed time and place, and then by agreement, the examination was postponed till Friday next.

☞ St. Louis is now suffering from the bad effects of the issue of corporation shinplasters. The city scrip has greatly depreciated in consequence of issuing more than the city had means to redeem. The council are now busy devising some mode of appreciating it. They had under discussion, a bill for funding City Warrants in sums of fifty dollars and upwards, payable in three, four and five years, and bearing ten per cent. interest. The bill also requires the Mayor to petition the Legislature to allow the City Council to impose an additional tax upon property, in order to create a fund for the gradual discharge of the City debt; and it further provides that no more permanent improvements shall be made by the City, until she is able to pay for them as they progress.

☞ The annual payment of the Sac and Fox annuities, was made at the Agency, Burlington, Iowa, a couple of weeks since. On enumeration, it was found that the Sac and Fox nations consist of about 2300 souls, among whom the sum of $41,000 was distributed, by paying the same to the head of each family.

☞ The amount of revenue secured at the port of New York, during the year of 1841, was $10,146,735 29. During three quarters of the year 1842, $9,911,387 23. This statement shows an important increase in the revenue this year.

☞ The amount of Treasury notes of all issues outstanding on the 1st inst., was $8,862,070.

Agricultural.

☞ The manufacture of sugar from the Corn Stalk, of which we have had occasion to speak several times of late, is, it would seem, the subject of attention in France, as well as in this country. At the sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences on the 12th ult., a report was read from a committee on a very important memoir of M. Pallas, concerning the identity of the sugar extracted from the stalk of Indian corn with that of the cane. The report of the savans confirms the memoir; dwells on the quantity and quality obtained from the stalk; and assigns to the culture of Indian corn, for the purpose, various advantages over the beet root. Mr. Webb of Wilmington, Del., who first aroused public attention to this subject, deserves the thanks of the community.

☞ The first annual fair of the Baltimore County Agricultural Society is to be held at Govanstown, four miles from Baltimore, on Wednesday and Thursday next. The premiums offered are unusually costly, consisting of silver goblets, butter-tubs, medals, &c., &c. A sweepstakes ploughing match is to be held.

☞ The bill imposing a duty of three shillings sterling per quarter, on wheat from the United States, passed the Canada House of Assembly on the 4th instant, by a vote of 31 to 19. The bill goes into operation on the 5th July next. We presume there is no doubt of its passage in the Legislative Council.

☞ The editor of the Louisville Journal has been presented with some tobacco leaves, raised in Jefferson county, Kentucky, which average three and a half feet in length, and twenty-six inches in width. The editor remarks, "there, Tennessee, put that in your pipe and smoke it."

☞ The stock, sold at the late agricultural fair at Westchester, did not, in many instances, bring more than half the price, which could have been obtained two years ago.

Political Intelligence.

☞ The Journal of Commerce, which, though a partizan print, is usually very fair, and therefore accurate in its estimates hazards the following respecting the complexion of the character of the next U. S. Senate. The estimate is based on late elections. "The Senate now comprises 30 Whigs, if we include Mr. Rives, of Virginia, and 20 democrats. There are two vacancies in Tennessee. It is safe to assume that in place of Mr. Preston, of S. C., Graham, of N. C., and Kerr, of Maryland, Democratic Senators will be chosen for six years from the 4th of March next. Indiana is doubtful, but the chance is, that there also a Democrat will be elected. On the other hand, the Whigs have a *chance* of gaining a Senator in Ohio, in place of Mr. Allen. The Whigs will retain a majority in the Senate unless Tennessee should go back to the Democrats, and *may* have a majority, even if she should."

☞ The Postmaster General, Mr. Wickliffe, has ordered that henceforth no person under sixteen years of age be employed as a mail carrier on any post route, or a clerk in any Post Office in the United States. This order is in consequence of a mail boy having been proved upon trial to have robbed the mail, because his tender years and his presumed want of sufficient knowledge of the difference between right and wrong in the matter.

☞ Mr. Calhoun, it is said, has stated his determination not to submit to the decision of a National Convention; but to be a candidate for the Presidency, "*nomination or no nomination.*"

☞ General Cass, it is said, will return to this country as soon as he has permission given him.

Army & Navy.

☞ The U. S. sloop of war Vandalia, Ramsey, commanding, arrived at Sierra Leone on the 23d of July, and left for a cruise to Liberia, and the leeward coast, the 7th of August—officers and crew all in good health. The American merchantmen were much gratified to have a U. S. ship of war in the waters of West Africa.

☞ Commodore Ballard, tried by the Court Martial at New York, for breaking the seal of a letter, directed to another, has been sentenced by the Court to one year's suspension from duty in the Navy, without pay or emoluments.

☞ Commodore Dallas, against whom Lieutenant Semmes had preferred charges of oppression, cruelty, and unofficer-like conduct, has been fully acquitted by the judgment of the Court.

☞ The U. S. cutter Woodbury, of whose loss we expressed fears last week, arrived off the south west Pass on the 27th ult. She was expected to arrive at New Orleans on the 29th.

Local Intelligence.

☞ One of the most daring attempts at burglary that ever occurred in our city was made on Tuesday night, at the house of Mr. Shipman, a gentleman whose business it is to carry packages of money between this city and New York, for the brokers and others. On Tuesday evening, on his arrival from the latter city, he went as usual, bag in hand, to his dwelling, No. 98 Spruce street, and on opening the door found no light burning, though one is usually kept lit for him. Thinking this to have occurred, however, through the oversight of his family, he proceeded on through the hall, and was about to ascend the stairs leading to his chamber, when he received a blow in the face, from a heavy bludgeon, which nearly felled him to the floor. Recovering himself, however, in a moment from the stunning of the blow, he grappled the villain who wielded it, and throttling him, he hallooed for help, when he heard the bludgeon fall to the floor. Although he was unable to see, from the total darkness of the place, he soon found by the noise which he heard that he had more than one assailant, and upon reflecting that while he was engaged with one of them, the other or others might decamp with his bag and its contents as booty, he yielded his grasp upon the villain to protect his property, when the robbers, alarmed by the resistance which they met, and the sound of approaching assistance from up stairs, made their escape by the back way, which it seems they had previously surveyed and arranged for ready egress. The bludgeon was left behind, and is a new one—probably made for the burglary. Though it the robbers may be hoped to be identified. The villains entered the house in front.

☞ A German named Steinkers alias Kohl, was arrested in this city on Monday morning, charged with having, at the time of his arrival in New York, on the 17th of August last, robbed a fellow passenger from Hamburg of his trunk, containing clothing, watches, and money to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars. There is no doubt of Kohl's guilt, as a portion of the property was recovered from his possession. He is said to have been an old offender in his native country, and to have served out an imprisonment of some years just before starting for this country. He was committed by Mayor Scott as a fugitive from justice in New York.

☞ Thomas S. Nicholson was sentenced on Monday. Judge Conrad stated that it was the intention of the Court to sentence the prisoner to five years confinement, but that in consequence of his suffering from ill health, the Court had altered their determination. He was then sentenced to pay the costs of prosecution, and undergo three years separate and solitary confinement in the Eastern Penitentiary. There are still five bills of indictment against Nicholson, but it is not thought that the Commonwealth will proceed with them against him. The counsel for the prisoner are about to carry the whole matter before the Supreme Court.

☞ The election passed off peaceably, except in the evening, when a row occurred at Carel's. Several drunken men, of the opposite party, came in and asked for liquor, which was refused. Thereupon they began an attack on the barkeeper, and a general fight ensued. The decanters and glasses were broken and the window sash smashed; but on the arrival of the police, the riot was put down and the house closed.

☞ The celebration of the Washingtonians at the Chinese Museum on Wednesday was quite interesting. The Baltimore firemen were present. They left on Thursday for New York to attend the Croton Water Celebration, of which, by the bye, we shall have a full account next week, from a correspondent there.

☞ The Exhibition of the Franklin Institute begins on Wednesday, at the large Saloon of the Philadelphia Museum. An unusually fine display of every variety of articles manufactured in the country may be expected. The Franklin Institute does more than any other institution to foster the mechanic arts.

☞ Col. R. M. Johnson arrived here on Monday. He was received at the depot by a large crowd; but some adroit rogue, taking advantage of the press, picked the Colonel's pocket of $150. On his last visit here the Col. was robbed of a gold watch. He must have a poor opinion of our morals.

☞ The lectures of Mr. Fisher on Climate promise to be deeply interesting. They will be held at the Musical Fund Hall. The illustrations are very beautiful.

☞ Mr. John Neagle, a skilful artist of this city, is about to depart for Kentucky, to take a full length portrait of Mr. Clay.

Miscellaneous News.

☞ The New York American says, that the cash receipts for freight and passengers on the small portion completed of the New York and Erie Railroad, for the six days prior to the first day of October, were two thousand six hundred and sixty-seven dollars, averaging four hundred and forty-three dollars per day. Butter, and other produce, from Sussex and Warren counties, New Jersey, and from Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania, is already reaching New York by the New York and Erie Railroad; and merchants from Boston have come for the purpose of purchasing butter for their market. If only forty-five miles of this Railroad will effect such an object, what would its completion to Lake Erie accomplish?

☞ The Newton Journal of Tuesday records the death of Samuel Blackfan, of that village, a highly respected minister of the society of Friends, who was found dead in his wagon, on the afternoon of the 8th inst. He had been to market, and when found, was on his way home, some distance above Frankford. Some one behind the wagon in which he was riding, observing the horses to act as if they had no driver, got out and went up to them; when he discovered him sitting up in his wagon, his hands grappling the reins; but life nearly or quite extinct. From the suddenness of his death, it is highly probable he was carried off by an apoplectic fit.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS have stood the test of trial and have been triumphant, of which no better proofs can be adduced than the fact of their immense popularity and the innumerable attempts which have been made to imitate them. The cause of their success is sufficiently obvious. While other medical preparations merely deaden the sense of suffering, Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills entirely remove the cause of disease. The organs of digestion are stimulated to activity, and the purified blood flows in a natural and healthy current, after use has been made of these Pills.

Beware of travelling impostors. Country Agents and Storekeepers are informed, that Pills sold by one V. O. Falck, and a certain David Parker, of Philadelphia, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and that neither of the above men have any authority for selling the genuine medicine. All *authorised travelling agents* are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright, Vice President of the N. A. College of Health: consequently, those who cannot show a certificate as above described will be known as impostors.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, number 169, RACE STREET, PHILADA., No. 288, Greenwich Street, New York, and No. 198, Tremont Street, Boston.

N.B.—Be particular to ask for the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills; and *beware of the travelling impostors.*

HEALTH OFFICE, OCTOBER 8, 1842.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington, From the 1st to the 8th of October.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Apoplexy,	3	0	Brought over,	23	21
Cancer,	1	0	Enlargement of the Heart,	1	1
——Breast,	1	0	Effusion on Brain,	0	2
Croup,	0	3	Fever, Congestive,	1	0
Congestion of Brain,	1	0	——Remittent,	2	0
Cholera Infantum,	0	1	——Scarlet,	0	3
Colic,	0	1	——Typhus,	1	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	10	5	Inflammation of the Brain,	2	1
Convulsions,	1	1	——Bronchi,	0	1
Dropsy,	2	0	——Lungs,	1	3
——Abdominal,	0	1	——Stomach and Bowels,	0	1
——Head,	0	2	Inanition,	0	1
——Breast,	1	0	Jaundice,	0	1
Disease of Bowels,	0	2	Marasmus,	0	4
——Heart,	1	0	Old Age,	2	0
——Skin,	0	1	Scrofula,	1	0
——Spine,	0	1	Still Born,	0	7
Drowned,	0	1	Suicide,	1	0
Dysentery,	2	1	Ulceration of Stomach,	1	0
Debility,	0	1			
Carried over,	23	21	Total, 83—	35	48

Of the above there were 7 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 6 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Oct.	2,	60	80	78
	3,	58	68	70
	4,	55	60	66
	5,	52	59	66
	6,	50	56	63
	7,	51	60	67
	8,	55	64	70

The Markets.

The Money Market.

Business has been dull during the last week, probably in consequence of the approaching election. Money continues plenty and prices low, on unexceptionable paper. There has been a slight advance in the prices of wheat and flour, owing to the fact that the stock has not been equal to the demand. There is little hope, among our business men, of any great revival in trade this fall. The embarrassed condition of exchanges still continues, to burden the commercial community. Pennsylvania Fives have advanced to forty-eight. We rejoice to see that a better feeling is evinced in England with respect to this stock, than we had expected.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

			Price sold for.
600 shares	N. O. Gas Bank,		4
202	do.	Kentucky Bank,	60a62
100	do.	Reading R R.	18¼
65	do.	Far. & Mechanics Bank,	[illegible]
20	do.	Wilmington R. R.	9
15	do.	Western Bank,	29
8	do.	Penna. Insurance Co.	118
7	do.	Commercial Bank, Cin.	46¼
5	do.	Mer. & Man. Bank, Pitts.	36
1	do.	North American Insurance Co.	5
$1000	State 5's, 1864,		[illegible]
$300	State 5's, 1843,		56¼
$1300	City 5's, 1864,		92
$3000	Kentucky Bonds, 6s,		76¼
$1000	County 6's, 1871,		90¼
$1000	Cincin. 6's, 1865,		72¼
$500	Camden & Amboy R. R. Bonds,		70

New Counterfeits.

Troy City Bank, Troy, N. Y.—5's, letter D. payable to different persons and various dates. S. R. Stowe, Cash. Most miserably executed. Any one who has seen a note will readily detect them. They have no Engraver's name.

Suffolk Bank, Boston, Mass.—5's, letter E. payable to different persons and various dates. Robert Fairbank, Cashier, Jno. Oakley, Presdt. No such persons were ever officers of this bank.

Farmers' & Merchants' Bank, Middletown Point, N. J.—50's, letter A. payable to Jos. Ellis, May 12, 1838. Elisha Baker, Cash. D. L. F. Schanck, Presdt. Balch, Stiles & Wright, Engravers. Paper thin and yellow. Has the appearance of having been struck from the genuine plate. Signatures too stiff.

Merchants Bank, New York.—100's spurious. The vignette of the true 100's is a female, and a ship under full sail, &c. which are not on the counterfeit. In the bad note, the name of the Presdt. is engraved, and that of the Cashier written O. Hamman, instead of O. J. Cammann.

Seventh Ward Bank, New York.—20's altered from 2's. In the 2's and 20's, altered notes, the words "Seventh Ward Bank," are printed in large letters and the vignette is placed in the centre. In the 20's and 50's the vignette is placed in another part of the bill.

Manufacturers' Bank, Providence, R. I.—5's, vignette figure of Justice, and ship under sail. P. Sayles, Cash. Samuel Slater, Prest. No bills dated Providence are signed by Samuel Slater, Prest.

Oneida Bank, Utica, N. Y.—20's altered from 2's. Vignette steamboat, ship and railroad, which are not on the good 20's.

Roger William's Bank, Providence, R. I.—3's, no letter or number. Geo. Batts, Prest. Payable to V. Vasamburgh.—*Bick. Reporter.*

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb.	8a10	Clams, per 100,	20a25
" middling,	5a 7	Smearcase, qt.	5a 6
" corned,	4a 7	Indian Meal, ½ peck,	8a 9
Veal,	4a 7	Rye Flour, qr. cwt.	60a62½
Mutton,	3a 5	Wheat " "	75a81
Pork, fresh, per lb.	6a 9	Buckwheat qr. cwt.	75a80
" pickled, "	6a 8	New Potatoes, ½ pk.	5a 6
Hams, Jersey,	8a11	Eggs, per doz.	12a14
Jersey Sausages, lb.	10a12½	Parsnips, qr. peck,	3a 4
Jowls,	2a 3	Pickles, per 100,	25a31¼
Dried Beef,	9a11	Beets, bunch,	2a 3
Cheese, lb.	6a12	Carrots, bunch,	2a 3
Butter, lb.	15a20	Turnips, qr. peck,	5a 6
Lard, "	9a11	Onions, rope,	5a 6
Beef's Tongue,	44a56	Sand Peas, qt.	7a 8
Pigs, whole,	50a81¼	Radishes, bunch,	1a 2
Pigs' Feet, set,	12a15	Horseradish, root,	1a 2
Sheep Tongues, dz.	25a31	Hominy, quart,	8a 9
Blood Pudding,	6a 7	String Beans, ½ peck,	3a 4
Fowls, pair,	44a62½	Lima Beans, qt.	8a10
" " Live,	44a56	Rhubarb, bunch,	3a 4
Chickens, live,	31a44	Dried Cherries, qt.	6a 7
Do. dead,	25a44	Cabbage, head,	2a 4
Turkeys,	62a81¼	Green Apples, ½ pk.	10a25
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50	Pears,	12a25
Pigeons, pair,	18a25	Tomatoes, qr. pk.	2a 3
Ducks, pair,	44a68	Chesnuts qt.	12a15
Salmon, pickled, lb.	10a12½	Sous Cheese lb.	8a10
" fresh,	13a15	Scrapple,	4a 6
" dry, lb.	18a18¾	Squashes, each,	1a 2
Pickled Cod,	4a 5	Flat do.	1a 2
Fresh, "	3a 6	Green Corn, doz.	6a 8
Flounders,	7a 9	Sweet Potatoes, ½ pk.	3a 4
Halibut, lb.	10a12½	Peppers, basket,	20a31
Sea Bass, lb.	7a 8	Cucumber Pic. bas.	44a50
Black Fish, lb.	6a 7	Nasturtiums quart,	8a10

The market the past week has been well supplied with all articles in season. Fruit, however, has greatly fallen off in amount and in variety. The season for all has passed. Everything in the vegetable line is unusually abundant and low. Both round and sweet potatoes have advanced a little from their previous low prices. The former will now command 25 to 28 cents, and the latter 31 to 40. Butter has farther fallen off in price, and during the week has sold as low as 12½ cents per pound—the general prices are, however, 15 to 20 cents. There is a steady supply of poultry, fish and oysters, and all at reasonable prices.—*Public Ledger.*

Philadelphia Market.

Bark—Further sales of Quercitron at $25 per ton for 1st quality no. 1.

Coffee—No changes have taken place in the market.

Fish—Mackerel have declined 25 cents per bbl since our last report.

Flour and Meal—Owing to the absolute scarcity of Flour, prices have slightly advanced, although the demand continues limited. Sales of common brands Pa. Flour for shipment at $4.56¼, and some at $4.62½. We quote $4.62½, with but little in the market thereof. Rye Flour and Corn Meal remain without change.

Grain—But little Wheat arriving, and prices are steady. Sales of Penna at 95a96, and Southern at 84 to 91 cts per bushel for fair to very good quality. Rye—No sales. Corn—Sales of round yellow at 56, and flat Penna. at 53 cts: Southern flat yellow at 51a51½ cts, white we quote at 51 cts. Oats—Scarce, with sales at 24½ cts for Southern.

Provisions—There are no sales making which require special notice.

Sugars—The transactions have been limited.

Whiskey—Sales in bbls at 22 cts.—*North American.*

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS.
No. 25 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, October, 15, 1842.

MAINE.		Middletown,	4½ dis
Calias bank,	10	Carlisle,	6 dis
Agricultural bank,	–	Columbia Bridge,	1½ dis
City bk. Portland,	–	Northumberland,	4 dis
Damariscotta,	–	Miners bk at Potts.	6 dis
Mercantile bank,	–	Wy'g bk Wilk'sbarre,	12 dis
Stillwater canal bk.	–	Pitts. demand notes,	1½ dis
Bangor Com. bank,	–	" Certificates,	1½ dis
Westbrook bank,	–	" Post notes,	1½ dis
Citizens bank,	–	Towanda,	—
Globe bank,	–	York,	5 dis
Washington co.	–	Gettysburg,	6 dis
Frankford bank,	–	Chambersburg,	6 dis
All solvent banks	¾a1	Waynesburg, p notes,	11 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE		" demand notes,	11 dis
All solvent banks	¾a1	Brownsville p. notes,	4 dis
VERMONT.		" demand notes,	4 dis
Bank of St. Albans,	2	Erie,	6 dis
Bk. of Bennington,	2	Berks county bank,	50 dis
All solvent banks	¾a1	Honesdale,	1½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS		Susquehanna co.	8 dis
All solvent banks	¾a1	Lewistown,	12½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.		Lum. bk Warren,	no sale
R. I. Central bank,	5	West Branch bank,	50 dis
Pascoag bank,	5	**MARYLAND.**	
All solvent banks,	¾a1	Baltimore banks,	½ dis
NEW YORK.		Patapsco banks,	2 dis
New York City,	½ dis	Mineral bank,	2 dis
Tenth Ward bank,	fraud	Frederickstown,	2 dis
North River Bank'g Co.	do	Hagerstown,	3 dis
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do	Westminster,	2 dis
Globe Bank,	do	Williamsport,	3 dis
Wool Growers bank,	failed	Cumberland,	7 dis
Millers bk of Clyde	25	Salisbury,	7½ dis
Far bk. Seneca co.	50	Franklin bank,	30 dis
Com bk. New York	2½	Susquehanna,	broke
Lafayette bank,	–	Millington,	broke
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	–	Frederick County bk.	2 dis
Dry Dock bank,	1	Broken bks. various	prices
N. Am. Trust Co.	–	Balt. Ohio R R notes,	50 dis
Bk. Buffalo,	25	**DELAWARE.**	
Lewis Co	25a30	Bank of Delaware,	par
Com bk. Buffalo,	25	Wilmington and Bran.	par
All solvent banks,	¾a1	Farmer's bk Delaware,	par
Country banks,	1½ dis	Union bank,	par
Except bks of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middle Districts, Platsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co., Wayne County bank, Mer. & Planters, — Broken.		Bank of Smyrna,	par
		DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
		Washington City,	1 dis
		Georgetown,	1 dis
		Far. & Mechanics,	1 dis
		Alexandria,	1 dis
		Bank of Alexandria,	broke
		Mechanics bank,	broke
Delaware Co. bank,	fraud	Franklin bank,	no sale
Ex. bk Po'keepsie,	do	Merchant's bank,	do
Portsdam Manufac. Co.	do	**VIRGINIA.**	
Red Backs,	1½ dis	Bk of Va & branches,	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.		Farmer's bk & brchs,	1½ dis
Mechanics' and Manufacturers bk at Trenton,	par	Valley bk & branch.	1½ dis
Princeton bank,	par	Ex. bk & branches,	1½ dis
State bank at Camden,	par	Wheeling,	4 dis
Cumberland bank,	par	Wheeling post notes,	4 dis
Mount Holly,	par	**NORTH CAROLINA.**	
Salem Banking Co.	par	All solvent banks,	2½
N. Hope D. Bridge,	nom'l	Small notes,	2½
Tren. Banking Co. old	par	**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
New plate,	par	All solvent banks	2
All other banks,	par	Small notes	4
Farmers and Mechanics bk of N Brunswick,	no sale	**GEORGIA.**	
Hobo. bking & G Co.	broke	Bank of St. Mary's	3
Washington b'king Co.	do	Ocmulgee,	–
Franklin bank,	do	Monroe R. R.	–
Jersey City bank,	do	Columbus,	–
Monmouth,	do	Phenix bk.	–
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do	Exchange bk.	–
Protec. and Lombard.	do	Chat. R. R. bank,	–
Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do	Central bk. of Mill.	–
State bank at Trenton,	do	Georgia R. R. Co.	–
Bank of N. Brunswick,	do	Ruckers, Bkg. Co.	–
Mec. bk Patterson,	do	All solvent banks	2a3
PENNSYLVANIA.		**ALABAMA.**	
Philadelphia banks	par	All solvent banks	17 to 20
Man. and Mec. bk.	9 dis	Small notes,	17 to 20
Moyamensing bank	9 dis	**OHIO.**	
Penn Township bank	par	Cincinnati	4 dis
U. S. Bank notes,	52½ dis	Bank notes,	4 dis
Girard do.	47 dis	**ILLINOIS.**	
Penna. do.	7½ dis	Bank of Illinois,	70 dis
Germantown,	par	State bank,	75 dis
Del. co. at Chester,	par	**KENTUCKY.**	
Chest'r co. at W. Chest's	par	Notes,	3½ dis
Montgomery county,	par	Small Notes,	5 dis
Farmers bk Bucks co.	par	**LOUISIANA.**	
Farmers bk Reading,	4½ dis	All solvent banks	5
Easton,	par	**MISSOURI.**	
Northampton,	18 dis	All solvent banks	6a7½
Lancaster bank,	1½ dis	**INDIANA.**	
Far. bk Lancaster,	1½ dis	All solvent banks	5a6
Lebanon,	4 dis	**FLORIDA.**	
Harrisburg,	6 dis	S'ra Life & Tr. Co.	–
Exchange on New York,	⅜ a ½ dis	**CANADA.**	
" Boston,	⅜ dis	Montreal	5
" Baltimore,	½ dis		
Specie,	par		
Country Relief Notes,	7 dis		
City Relief Notes,	11½ dis		

ALMANAC.

October, 1842.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
15 SATURDAY,	6 27	5 31	11 25	D. H. M.
16 SUNDAY,	6 29	5 [illegible]	12 5	
17 MONDAY,	6 [illegible]	5 [illegible]	12 40	
18 TUESDAY,	6 [illegible]	5 27	1 23	
19 WEDNES.	6 [illegible]	5 25	2 0	New 4 1 34
20 THURSDAY,	6 [illegible]	5 [illegible]	2 20	First 11 1 32
21 FRIDAY,	6 37	5 23	3 [illegible]	Full 19 6 26
22 SATURDAY,	6 [illegible]	5 [illegible]	4 16	Last 26 7 56

Married,

In this city, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Charles W. Gardner, Mr. JOSEPH PIERRE, of Washington city, D. C. to Miss AMANDA A. WOOD, of Sossburg, Va.

On the 10th inst. at St. Peter's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Odenheimer, R. C. WILCOCKS, to SALLY, eldest daughter of the late Wm. Waiet, Esq. all of this city.

On the 11th inst. in Grace Church, N. Y. by the Rev. Dr. Taylor, SAMUEL TOBY, of New Orleans, to MARY A. TALLMADGE, of the former place.

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Wm. Wiggins, Mr. AUGUSTUS W. WARNER, to Miss MARY TOMPKINS, all of Spring Garden.

On Monday 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Chambers, Mr. PETER TEAL, of Geneva, State of New York, to Miss HARRIET A. PIERS, of this city.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. A. Gillette, Mr. RICHARD D. MCELROY, of New York, to Miss CAROLINE OLMSTED, of this city.

On 2d day morning, 10th inst. by Friends' ceremony, before John M. Scott, Mayor, ROBERT T. FRY, to DRUSILLA C. MORRIS, both of this county.

At Manayunk, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Fury, Mr. SPENCE BUNTING, of Roxborough, to Miss SUSANNAH NOBLE, of Manayunk.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. T. D. Cook, Mr. SAMUEL ARBUCKLE, to Miss CATHARINE BROWN, all of the N. Liberties.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. DAVID STORY, to Miss MARY RIDDLE, all of Southwark.

On the 6th instant, in West Philadelphia, by the Rev. Henry G. King, Mr. RICHARD M. FRAME, of West Chester, to Miss HANNAH H. ZELL, of Springfield Township, Pa.

On the 15th ult. at Elizabethtown, Lancaster county, Pa. by the Rev. John Edwards, Mr. GEORGE M. CLAWGES, of Marietta, to Mrs. ELIZABETH BROWN, of the former place.

On the 5th inst. by the Hon. John M. Scott, Mayor, Mr. CHRISTIAN GODT, to Miss HESTER LAWRENCE, both of this city.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Carter, JAMES HALSEY, of New York, to ANNA CECILIA THERESA, daughter of the late John B. Gorman, Esq. of Washington city.

On Thursday, 8th ult. in the Episcopal Church, Rue d'Aguesau, by the Right Rev. Bishop Luscombe, in presence of his Excellency, General Cass, and before the Consul of the United States, Hon. SILAS M. STILLWELL, to LOUISA CAROLINE NORSWORTHY, both of N. York.

On Thursday evening, 6th inst. by the Rev. C. C. Vanarsdale, ROBERT B. SELLERS, to REBECCA S. daughter of Joseph Wayne, all of this city.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Albert Barnes, CHAS. T. KERN, to Miss JANE LITTLE, both of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. John Chambers, SAMUEL HEALY, Jr. of East Plymouth, Mass. to Miss CATHARINE SHEPHERD, of Philadelphia.

In Albany, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Campbell, FREDERICK S. DAY, to LOUISA AMES DAWES, both of Philadelphia.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, JOHN C. MILLER, to ANNA MATILDA, daughter of the late Thomas Campbell.

At Beach Grove, by the Rev. Mr. Hand, on the 1st ult. J. R. D. SEPHORST, of Elk Grove, Wisconsin Territory, to Miss SUSAN BEACH, of the former place, and grand daughter of Nathan Beach, Esq.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Rood, DAVID G. HAY, to Miss RACHEL MCCLOTHES.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Barnes, SAMUEL B. WAUGH, of Greenville, Pa. to MARY ZAYDA, eldest daughter of Philip Mendenhall, of this city.

On the evening of the 4th inst. by Friends' ceremony, at the house of Daniel Johns, WARREN L. BURTIS, of Rochester, N. Y. to JOSEPHINE T. JOHNS, daughter of Daniel Johns, of this city.

At Newport, R. I. on the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Vinton, MARSHALL C. SLOCUM, Esq. of N. Y. to CATHARINE D. daughter of the late Henry Bull, of Newport.

Died,

On the 11th inst. Mr. WM. MOODY, in the 68th year of his age.

On the 11th inst. MARK GRAHAM, in the 66th year of his age.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH LARA, in the 75th year of her age.

On the 11th inst. at the Pennsylvania Hospital, of consumption, Mrs. MARY STEWART, in the 45th year of her age.

On the 10th inst. ELIZABETH BOYD, in the 17th year of her age, of consumption, which she bore with Christian fortitude.

In the vicinity of Germantown, on the 10th inst. EDWARD W. son of Joseph and Sarah L. Roberts, aged 10 months and 22 days.

At Norwich, Conn. on the 10th inst. General JIRAH ISHAM, aged about 68 years.

At Wesley, Tenn. on the 14th Sept. MARY JANE, wife of Thos. M'Culloch, formerly of this city.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH NIXON, in the 26th year of her age, wife of Mr. James M. Nixon.

On the 10th inst. Miss RACHEL LAWRENCE, in the 21st year of her age.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. SARAH RANDALL, wife of Benj. Randall, in the 34th year of her age.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH KERN, in the 76th year of her age.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. ANN BITTON, aged 70 years.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. MARTHA HARRISON, relict of Capt. Wm. Harrison, of Gloucester county, N. J. in the 73d year of her age.

On the 9th inst. after a short illness, Mrs. ELIZABETH VANDERVER, in the 86th year of her age.

On the 9th inst. CHARLES HANSELL, son of the late John Hansell, in the 21st year of his age.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. MARY ANN MARSH, in the 34th year of her age.

On the 9th inst. Miss MARY A. SULLIVAN, in the 24th year of her age.

On the 8th inst. MICHAEL S. BASFORD, late of the firm of Ward, Basford & Ward, in the 29th year of his age.

At Bustleton, on the 26th ult. FRANCES MARPLE, in the 54th year of her age.

On the 9th inst. FRANCES STEWART, daughter of Sydney and Eleanor Steward.

On the 7th inst. GEORGE WASHINGTON, son of Joseph and Louisa Elliott, in the 5th year of his age.

On the 10th inst. EDWARD POWELL, aged 76 years.

On the 7th inst. HANNAH P. HUGHES, wife of Wm. F. Hughes, in the 31st year of her age.

Suddenly, on the 5th inst. WM. HENRY, son of Henry and Mary Withcat, aged 4 years and 6 months.

On the 7th inst. after a short illness, in the 38th year of his age, Mr. WM. DAVIS.

On the 29th ultimo, of pulmonary consumption, Mrs. MARIA E. EDWARDS, relict of James Edwards, late of the city of New York.

On the 4th inst. CAROLINE PATTON, in the 23d year of her age, daughter of Wm. M. and Lydia Patton.

On the 6th inst. JAMES VAUX, in the 94th year of his age.

On the 2d inst. at his residence, near Freedom, Beaver county, Pa. Capt. WM. VICARY, formerly of this city, aged 71 years.

At Louisville, Ky. on the 30th ult. H. CARLING, formerly of Philadelphia, aged 30 years.

On the 8th inst. MARGARET E. wife of Wm. N. Allen, aged 33 years.

In New York, on the 6th inst. WM. F. PHYFE, aged 40 years.

On the 6th inst. at Elizabethtown, N. J. Major PHILIP L. RICKETTS, formerly of this city.

At Albany, N. Y. on the 3d inst. Judge ELI HUTCHINSON.

On the 6th inst. after a short illness, aged 14 months, GEORGE Y. LOGUE, son of Charles and Mary Logue.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. SARAH MCCAREN, in the 52d year of her age.

On the 6th inst. Mr. NOYES D. MATHER.

At Harrisburg, 1st inst. SIDNEY, wife of John Webster, and daughter of Zenas Wells, of Chambersburg.

In St. Louis, 23d ult. in the 33d year of his age, JOS. W. WALSH, Esq. clerk of the St. Louis Court of Common Pleas.

On the 28th ult. after a lingering illness, Mr. CHAS. RILEY, in the 23d year of his age.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. ELIZA DUBOIS, aged 82 years.

On the 29th ult. MARY A. PERRY, in the 7th year of her age.

On the 29th ult. ANNE F. WOOD, of Bristol, Pa. aged 6 years.

On the 26th ult. at Alexandria, D.C. Mrs. ANNA LARMERER.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. AMANDA BROWN, after a lingering illness, in the 23d year of her age.

On the 29th ult. Mr. WILLIAM JAMES.

EXTENSIVE STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.—The proprietors of the "*UNITED STATES JOB PRINTING OFFICE*," third and fourth stories, Ledger Building, Southwest corner of THIRD and CHESNUT streets, have added to their establishment an extensive variety of the handsomest and best

JOB TYPE, PRESSES, MACHINERY, ENGRAVINGS, AND PRINTING MATERIALS GENERALLY,

That can be procured in this or any other country, and they are now prepared to execute all orders for

FINE LETTER PRESS PRINTING,
OF EVERY VARIETY, SUCH AS
BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, HANDBILLS, BILLS OF LADING, BILL HEADS, BANK CHECKS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, POLICIES, BLANKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, RAIL ROAD, STAGE, AND STEAMBOAT BILLS OF EVERY VARIETY AND SIZE, WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS, etc. etc. etc.

They are continually adding to their stock, at whatever expense, the finest specimens and beauties of the *AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN FOUNDRIES*, and they spare no pains to suit, both in quality and price, all who may favor them with their orders.

THEIR TERMS ARE CASH.

And a distinctive feature in their mode of doing business, is founded upon the principle that they who in any business can make it most to the interest of the public to deal with them, will secure, not only the largest share, but the best of custom. They have therefore provided themselves with such superior facilities and workmen, as enables them to execute printing of any kind, plain or fancy, with a despatch, neatness, cheapness, and punctuality hitherto unequalled.

☞ Dickson's Improved Rotary Card Press having been added to the office, (the only one in the city) is now in active operation. Cards and Letter sheet Jobs can therefore be thrown off at the rate of FROM TWO TO THREE THOUSAND IMPRESSIONS AN HOUR! printed in a style far superior to any other work of the kind in this city, and at lower prices, for the quality. Orders for printing from any part of the United States promptly executed.

Office, Ledger Building, S. W. corner of THIRD and CHESNUT streets, Philada. oct15 3t*

COOPER'S WING AND WING.—A NEW TALE FOR FIFTY CENTS.—Lea & Blanchard will publish early in November, The Wing and Wing or Le Feu Follet, a tale in 2 vols. 12mo. by the author of The Red Rover—Pilot, etc. etc. etc. This work will be published in the usual form, but will be sold for *fifty* cents per copy handsomely printed with good type. Heretofore the new tales of Mr. Cooper have been sold at from $1.50 to $2.00 per copy in different sections of the country. It is now offered for one third the price. As a large sale is anticipated, early orders is requested. *To booksellers, newsmen, periodical agents* and others ordering by the quantity a liberal discount will be made.

This new work of Mr. Cooper will be followed by a reissue at the *same price* of the other novels of the same author—the first to follow will be the *Two Admirals*, after that *The Spy*, etc. each work to be sold at *fifty cents per copy*.

As they will assume a periodical form under a general title, they will pay postage as periodicals. Any person remitting *five dollars* in current funds, free of postage, will be entitled to eleven novels.

The works of Fielding, Smollett, Scott, etc. will follow in cheap and periodical form.

Wing and Wing will be printed on ten sheets of paper, the postage for 100 miles will be 15 cents, over 100 miles 25 cents. 1t

CHARLES WEAVER'S DOMESTIC HARDWARE house, No. 200 North 2d street, Philada. next door to the Lyon Tavern—where the following articles are constantly on hand and for sale at the lowest cash prices, viz. Sad Irons, Hatters and Tailors do Sheet Iron Workers and Tinman's Manarills, (ground.) Wagon Boxes of all sizes—Cast Iron Bench Anvils—Sash Weights Patent Balance do—Coon Furnaces—Cylinders and Grates of all sizes—Box Coffee Mills (warranted.) Also one heavy cast iron Screw Press, one do. Lever Crane Neck with dies and punches for ornamental punching, which will be sold low if applied for soon.

N. B. Country merchants and others will find it to their advantage to call before they purchase elsewhere. oct15 4t*

KIMBERTON BOARDING SCHOOL.—THE winter term will commence the first day of the eleventh month, (next month.) oct15 1t*

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC, AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE for 1843. Daniel H. Williams, Boston. The fourteenth volume of this excellent work contains even more than the usual quantity of matter highly interesting and important for the year, and of great value for preservation and future reference. The leading article is a brief abstract, carefully revised and compared with the official copy, of the *Statistics of the United States* collected in taking the Sixth Census. This document exhibits the aggregate value and products of the Mines, Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures of the Country, and the number of persons employed in these several avocations,—thus giving a complete view of the products, industry and resources of all the States and Territories. The information thus given forms an important and interesting accession to our knowledge of the country, and must be of much use to the legislator, the historian, the statist, and the general inquirer. An appropriate supplement to this article is found in the estimate of the agricultural products of the United States in 1841, with the able remarks that accompany it, prepared with great care under the order of Congress by the Commissioner of Patents at Washington. This paper presents a clear and accurate view of the various crops raised in different parts of the United States, and of the circumstances which tend to increase or lessen their amount and value.

The *American Almanac* contains a full account derived from official and other authentic sources, and carefully digested and arranged, of the government, legislation, commerce and industry of the whole nation and of the individual states. Accurate lists of the executive and law officers of the whole Union and of each State and Territory, a view of the Judiciary system and a general statistical account of the colleges, common schools, and other means of education in every part of the country, a history of the institutions established for purposes of general beneficence, and of the philanthropic enterprises of the day, and full information respecting the rise and progress of the system of internal improvement are some of the general features of the work which have secured for it so large a portion of public favor. It has obtained a wide circulation, and has been repeatedly quoted, as the highest authority, in Congress and the English Parliament, and in recent works of the highest reputation.

In the volume for 1843 we notice a complete abstract of the new *Bankrupt Law* and the *Tariff* bill recently passed by Congress, embodying all the important points, and in a form more succinct and better adapted for reference, than a literal copy of the document. Other articles contain much valuable information extracted from the late census, and from numerous reports of societies and asylums, respecting the number and the condition of the insane, blind, and deaf and dumb persons in our country. Information respecting the manufactures of printed cottons, the whale fishery, full obituary notices and a chronicle of events, together with the usual variety of information, will also be found on the pages of this valuable work.

The *Astronomical department* is conducted by one who is probably, since the death of Bowditch, the most distinguished mathematician in the country. The calculations are adapted to every part of the U. States, and are so complete as to supersede, in some degree, the use of a Nautical Almanac. The meteorological information is very full, embracing the results of observations in nearly all the States and thus giving a general view of the climate and history of the weather throughout the country.

This work may be had at all the principal book stores, and we notice that it will be sent by mail to any persons in any part of the country on application to the publisher.

A CHRISTIAN FATHER'S PRESENT TO HIS FAMILY.—HOLIDAY GIFT FOR THE YEAR 1843.—*A BOOK FOR EVERY FAMILY IN THE UNITED STATES.—AGENTS WANTED.*—One Hundred Dollars given for every One Hundred copies sold!—Agents—*responsible men*—wanted in every town and village throughout the United States and British Provinces, to sell "SEARS' BIBLE BIOGRAPHY," the most splendidly illustrated and *Cheapest Work ever issued on the American Continent*, containing several hundred Engravings, entirely new and original, designed and executed by the most eminent artists of England and America. Cost of preparing the work, $5000. This beautiful and important work contains upwards of 500 pages royal octavo, is printed from new stereotype plates, handsomely bound in gilt, and lettered, and retails readily at the low price of $2 50 per volume. The following extract is from a lengthy Review, written by the Rev. W. C. Brownlee, D. D., and is only one out of several hundred recommendations, from the clergy and the press, that the work has already received:—

"NEW YORK, August 6, 1842.

"This is, beyond question, one of the most elegant books ever presented to our fellow citizens in this Republic. It ought to be in every Christian family for its innate value, and in every patriotic family as a splendid specimen of our progress in domestic manufacture, and the advancement of our artists and manufacturers in their rivalship with those of Europe. W. C. BROWNLEE."

☞ A VERY LIBERAL OFFER!—ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS will be given by the Publisher to every Agent who will undertake and sell ONE HUNDRED COPIES of the above Work. He believes that there is scarcely a town or village in the Union, but that number may easily be disposed of.

*** Persons inclosing money, will be careful to pay the *whole* postage; and in ordering books will state, explicitly, how the books shall be sent to them.

Also, in press, another IMPORTANT, VALUABLE, and CHEAP WORK, in the course of publication, and will be ready for delivery early in October, 1842, complete in one volume royal octavo, containing about 600 pages of letter-press, and more than Five Hundred Engravings, elegantly bound in gilt: price only $2 50 per copy:—

THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD,
IN NATURE, ART, AND MIND.

Comprising a complete Library of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge, and illustrated by more than FIVE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS.

Consisting of Views of Cities, Edifices, and other great works of Architecture, Monuments, Mechanical Inventions, Ruins, Illustrations of the Manners and Customs of different Nations, Religious Rites and Ceremonies, Cataracts, Volcanoes, Curiosities, Trees, Beasts, Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, and the numerous objects contained in the Fossil, Vegetable, Mineral, and Animal Kingdoms. Carefully compiled by ROBERT SEARS, from the best and latest sources.

☞ For further particulars, please to address the subscriber, *post paid*, without which no letter will be taken from the office.

ROBERT SEARS,
Publisher, 122 Nassau street, N. Y.

Agents Wanted for the sale of the above Valuable Works in the State of Pennsylvania, by the Subscriber, who is *Sole Agent for this State.* H. PLATT,
441 Market street, and Green, above Eighth.

N. B.—Just received, a small lot of the BIBLE BIOGRAPHY, elegantly done up in *Turkey Morocco*, Arabesque, extra gilt, suitable for Christmas and New Years Presents.
oct8-6t H. P.

THE WHIG ALMANAC AND UNITED STATES REGISTER for 1843. Published by Greeley & McElrath, New York, and sold wholesale and retail by G. B. ZIEBER, Third and Dock Streets, PHILADELPHIA.

The following is its table of contents:

Population of the United States, by States and Total, according to the Census of 1840, do. of the several Cities and larger Towns; do. of the State of New York, page 3. Planets of the Solar System, p. 3. Eclipses and Astronomical Notations for 1843, p. 4. Calendar of the several months in 1843, with distinct Solar and Lunar Calculations for each section of the Union; Diary of Remarkable Events, Births and Deaths of Great Men, Anecdotes, etc. etc. p. 5 to 16. Government of the United States—Executive, Judicial, and Diplomatic; Senate of the United States till 4th March, 1843, p. 17. House of Representatives U. S. till March 4, 1843, p. 18. THE PROTECTION OF HOME INDUSTRY—A careful summary of the considerations which impel us to cherish the policy of Protection, with a brief review of the reasons usually opposed thereto—by HORACE GREELEY, p. 19 to 24. Gen. Jackson's Letter in support of Protection, p. 24. The Voice of OUR PRESIDENTS IN FAVOR OF PROTECTION—Extracts from the Messages of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, J. Q. Adams, Jackson and Tyler, recognizing and asserting the Policy of Protection; Facts for Farmers; British Free Trade; Manufactures of the United States, p. 25 to 26. The Elements and Names of Parties—A few simple but important facts plainly presented, p. 27. Electoral Votes for President and Vice President—At the several Elections under the Federal Constitution; Popular Votes for Governor of State of New York, from 1792 to 1840 inclusive, total for each candidate; Total Vote for President in the State of New York, in 1832, 1836, and 1840, p. 28. The grounds of difference between the contending parties—A plain statement of the more important questions on which the country is politically divided—by H. Greeley, p. 29 and 30. The Life of HENRY CLAY—An original Biography of that great Statesman, written for the Whig Almanac by HENRY J. RAYMOND, p. 31 to 40. Thomas H. Benton's and John Tyler's recorded opinions of Henry Clay, p. 40. The New Ratio and Apportionment of Congress—With a brief statement of the principles on which the Apportionment is based, and a glance at the History of former Apportionments; Statistics of the Canals of New York, down to 1842, p. 50. Election Returns of the Union, by States and Counties—New England States, p. 51; New York, p. 52; New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, p. 53; Virginia and South Carolina, p. 54; North Carolina and Tennessee page 55; Georgia and Alabama, p. 56; Ohio and Mississippi, p. 57; Indiana and Louisiana, p. 58; Kentucky and Arkansas, p. 59; Illinois and Michigan, p. 60; Missouri and the Territories, p. 61. Total Votes for President in 1836 and 1840, by States and aggregate; Times of holding State and Presidential Elections in each State, p. 62. Anecdotes, Epigrams, and Humors of the Times, p. 63 and 64.

The work is to be published regularly as a periodical, and of course subject to periodical postage only. It is printed on a single extra double sized royal elephant sheet, and is, therefore, subject to 1½ cents postage under 100 miles, and 2½ cents over 100 miles. Price twelve and a half cents per single copy, or seven dollars per hundred. Orders are respectfully solicited by
oct8 3t GREELEY & McELRATH, 160 Nassau st.

DRAB HABIT CLOTH.—ISAAC BARTON & CO. No. 27 South Second street, just received an assortment of the above named Cloth, suitable for Friends' cloaks. The quality and shades of color are very choice.

Also French Merino Cloth, English do do, mode and other plain colors. oct 8 4t*

LANDS AT PUBLIC SALE.—Will be offered at PUBLIC SALE, on FIFTH DAY, (Thursday,) the 27th of October next, at the Court House, in CLEARFIELD TOWN, Clearfield county, to suit purchasers, the following LANDS, belonging to the Estate of SAMUEL COCHRAN, Esq., deceased:—Tract No. 5, 881, containing 990 acres, &c., lying close to the waters of Sinnemahoning Creek, said to have a good Limestone and Stone Coal Quarry on it. All or nearly all of tracts No. 5,881 and 5877, containing in each 550 acres, &c.; parts of tracts No. 5,867 and 5,879, perhaps 300 or 400 acres, being five adjoining tracts. Tract No. 5,880, containing 970 acres &c., the first and last warranted in the name of Jonathan B. Smith, the other four in the name of Henry Wieodin No. 1,804 and 1,806, all of which are situate in the town of Brady, in said county, also, tracts No. 5,081 and 5,082, adjoining each other, containing 518 acres, 76 perches each, warranted in the name of Joseph Fearon, and tract No. 5,876, containing 340 acres, &c., which said tracts are in or near the Township of Pike, in said county. The lands in Brady Township must shortly be valuable. The other lands are also good, and within a short distance of the county town and Curwensville. The county is fast improving, abounding with Stone Coal and Limestone; also, Pine, Sugar Maple, and other valuable Timber. The Turnpike or Stage road to Erie passes through a considerable portion of said lands. The subscriber has full power to sell and convey the lands of said deceased, and good and sufficient titles will be given to the purchasers.

Conditions at Sale.
oct1-4t* JOSHUA B. LINTON, Agent.

TO RENT.—The superior Factory, known by the name of the Valley Forge, situated in Montgomery county, 23 miles from the city of Philadelphia, on the river Schuylkill, and also on the Railroad between Philadelphia and Reading to Pottsville, on which the cars between Philadelphia and Reading pass and re-pass twice every day. The time of going to or from Philadelphia is 1½ hours; the fare for a passenger 75 cents. It is also 23 miles nearer to the Schuylkill coal mines than Philadelphia is, on the canal by which the coal is transported.

The water power is the Valley Creek, a never failing stream, affording about 200 square inches of water, under a head of three feet and sixteen feet fall, free from back water, in one of the most pleasant and fertile districts of country in the State of Pennsylvania.

The building is of the most substantial stone structure, part of it lately put up. There is about 20 tenements to accommodate workmen's families, a large commodious dwelling house and store-house, also a farm of 113 acres of land, with barn and stables.

There is also belonging to the premises, a large building, formerly a musket factory, and by partaking of a portion of the water power, might accommodate a calico printing establishment, or for other purposes.

Applications can be made to the subscriber, in Germantown, near Philadelphia.
Oct 1 6t SAMUEL HARVEY.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The subscriber will offer at Private Sale, a first rate FARM, containing 75 ACRES OF LAND, situate in Charlestown township, Chester county, within a half mile of Charlestown village, and 3 miles of Phoenixville, the land is in a high state of cultivation, under good fence, divided into convenient fields, well watered, with a never failing stream of running water; there is a good quantity of Woodland, and about 10 acres of Meadow; the land has been lately limed over. The improvements are a large Stone House, Stone Barn, with a large Straw-House attached to it, Stone Spring House over a never failing spring of good water, an excellent well of water at the door of the dwelling house with a pump there in. This farm is not surpassed by any in the county for its size. It is convenient to mills, schools and places of public worship of all denominations. For particulars call upon the subscriber, living thereon.
oct8 4t SAMUEL SLOANAKER.

FALL FASHIONS.—MISSES JOHNSONS, No. 205 CHESNUT street, have received a large assortment of French Millinery which they will open on Monday, Oct. 3d.

They have also received for their Ribbon store an extensive assortment of rich Paris Ribbons, Gloves, etc. oct 1-3t*

MERCHANT'S HOTEL.—THIS OLD AND established stand, corner of King and Society streets, Charleston, South Carolina, having undergone a thorough repair, and being newly furnished, is now opened for the reception of Boarders. Persons travelling to the North or South, will find it to their advantage to put up at this House, as it is within ten minutes walk of the steamboat leaving for the North, or railroad for the South.

An Omnibus or Carriage will be in readiness to convey passengers to and from the Hotel to the boat or railroad, at the time of their arrival or departure. The undersigned begs leave to return his thanks for past favors, and hopes by his attention to merit a continuance of public patronage.

N. B.—The terms of this Hotel are as reasonable as any other in this city, and no pains are spared to afford every accommodation to those who may visit it.
sep 17 6t JAMES DUNLAP, Proprietor.

J. KENNEDY, PROFESSOR of the FLUTE, No. 27 South FIFTH street near CHESNUT.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH are now acknowledged to be the very best medicine in the world for the cure of

HEADACHE,

Giddiness, Palpitation of the Heart, pains in the bones, Gout, Rheumatism, and every malady incident to man; because they purge from the body those bilious and corrupt humors which give rise to every ache or pain we suffer, are now acknowledged to be the best medicine in the world for the cure of every variety of disease, because they completely cleanse the stomach and bowels from those bilious and corrupt humors which are the cause not only of headache, giddiness, palpitation of the heart, pains in the bones, rheumatism and gout, but every malady incident to man.

Said Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for intermittent remittent, nervous, inflammatory and putrid

FEVERS,

Because they cleanse the body from those morbid humors, which, when confined to the course of those disordered motions of the blood called Fevers.

So, also, when the same impurity is deposited on the membrane and muscle, causing pains, inflammations and swellings, called Rheumatism, Gout, etc. WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS may be relied on as always certain to give relief. From three to six of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time so completely rid the body from every thing that is opposed to health, that

RHEUMATISM,

Gout, and pain of every description, will be literally driven from the body.

For the same reason, when, from sudden changes of atmosphere, or any other cause, the perspiration is checked, and the humors which should pass off by the skin are thrown inwardly, causing headache, giddiness, nausea and sickness, pain in the bones, watery and inflamed eyes,

SORE THROAT,

coughs, consumptions, rheumatic pains in various parts of the body, and many other symptoms of catching cold, WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS will invariably give immediate relief. From three to six of said pills, taken every night on going to bed, will, in a short time, not only remove all the above unpleasant symptoms, but the body will, in a short time, be restored to even sounder health than before.

In all cases of **ASTHMA,**

Or difficulty of breathing, Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills will be found a delightful medicine, because they carry off, by the stomach and bowels, those phlegmy humors which not only stop up the air cells of the lungs, and give rise to the above dreadful complaint, but when neglected, often terminates in that fatal malady, called

CONSUMPTION.

It should also be remembered, that Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for

PAIN IN THE SIDE,

Oppression, nausea and sickness, loss of appetite, costiveness, a yellow tinge of the skin and eyes, and every other symptom of a torpid or diseased state of the liver; because they purge from the body those impurities, which, if deposited upon this important organ, are the cause of every variety of

LIVER COMPLAINT.

As a further evidence that the principle of curing disease by cleansing and purifying the body, is strictly in accordance with the laws which govern the animal economy; and if properly carried out by the use of

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

Will certainly result in the complete abolition of disease; we offer the following testimonials, from persons of the highest respectability in New York, who have recently been cured of the most obstinate complaints, solely by the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills of the North American College of Health.

JAMAICA, L. I. June 9th, 1841.

Doctor William Wright—Dear Sir—It is with great satisfaction I inform you of my having been entirely cured of Dyspepsia, of five years standing, by the use of your INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

Previous to meeting with your celebrated medicine, I had been under the hands of several physicians, and had tried various medicines, but all to no effect. After using one 25 cent box of your pills, however, I experienced so much benefit, that I resolved to persevere in the use of them according to directions, which I am happy to state has resulted in a perfect cure. In gratitude to you for the great benefit I have received, and also in the hope that others similarly afflicted may be induced to make trial of your extraordinary medicine, and I send you this statement with full liberty to publish the same if you think proper. Yours, etc.,

New York, June 13, 1841. G. C. BLACK.

To Mr. Richard Dennis, Agent for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, No. 288 Greenwich street, N. Y.

Dear Sir—At your recommendation, I some time since made trial of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills of the North American College of Health; and can conscientiously assert that for purifying the blood, and renovating the system, I have received more benefit from their use, than from any other medicine it has heretofore been my good fortune to meet with. I am, dear sir, with many thanks, your obliged friend, CHAS. M. TATE,
No. 66 Hammersly street, New York.

Mr. Richard Dennis, agent for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

Dear Sir—I have been afflicted for several years with inward weakness and general debility, accompanied at times with pains in the side and other distressing complaints. After having tried various medicines without effect, I was persuaded by a friend to make trial of Dr. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, which I am happy to state have relieved me in a most wonderful manner. I have used the medicine as yet but a short time, and have no doubt by a perseverance in the use of the medicine according to directions, that I shall in a short time be perfectly restored.

I most willingly recommend said Pills to all persons similarly afflicted; and in the full belief that the same beneficial results will follow their use, I remain yours sincerely. HENRY A. FOOTE,
Warwarsing, Ulster county, New York.

New York, Sept. 22, 1841.

This is to certify that I have used Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills with the greatest benefit; having entirely cured myself of the frequent attacks of Sick Headache, to which I had previously been subject.

ANN MARIA THOMPSON,
202 Greenwich street, N. Y.

To Mr. Richard Dennis, Agent for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

BEWARE OF TRAVELLING IMPOSTORS.

As the great popularity of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills has raised up a host of counterfeiters, the public will be on their guard against the various impostors who are travelling about the country, selling, to the unsuspecting store keeper, a spurious article for the genuine. Country agents and store-keepers should remember that all who travel with the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright, Vice Pres. of the N. A. Coll. of Health; consequently, travellers who offer Indian Pills for sale, and cannot show a certificate as above described, will be known as base impostors.

The public are respectfully informed that Pills made by one V. O. Falck, and sold by a young man named David Parker, son of Samuel Parker, of Philadelphia, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. As the above men sell at a reduced price, it is absolutely impossible for them to have the genuine medicine for sale.

The only security against imposition, is to purchase from persons of known integrity, and in all cases to be particular to ask for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

The genuine medicine can with certainty be obtained from Isaac P. Cook, No. 38½ Baltimore street, Baltimore; and also at the offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the Medicine, Wholesale and Retail, No. 169 Race street, Philadelphia; No. 288 Greenwich street, New York; and No. 198 Tremont street, Boston.

N. B.—*Beware of travelling impostors.* oct 8

DR. DRAPER'S AMERICAN DISPENSARY.

DR. A. C. DRAPER informs the public that he has returned to the city, and is now prepared to attend to the duties of his profession. Dr. D. has made himself acquainted with all the recent discoveries and improvements which have been made in Europe and America in the various departments of the Healing Arts. Familiar with the practice pursued in the Hospitals of London and Paris, and with all the remedies used in the Allopathic, Homoeopathic and Thomsonian practice. Dr. Draper confidentially assures the afflicted that he has it in his power to mitigate the symptoms of all diseases and entirely cure a great many maladies, which heretofore have resisted the ordinary modes of practice. In the administration of Vapor Baths, Mrs. D. will attend to the Ladies Department.

The Galvanic Battery always in readiness. Superior Botanic Medicines prepared under the direction of Dr. Draper.

The Compound Syrup of Sanguinaria, an infallible preparation for Croup, Hoses, Bronchitis, and Chronic Coughs, will always be kept ready for family use. No mother should be without this elegant preparation for children.

Dr. Draper's Dispensary is in Spruce street between Schuylkill Third and Fourth streets, next door to the Rev. Mr. Boehl. sep 10-3m

ALLEN'S MUSICAL ACADEMY, No. 331 MARKET street, above Ninth. New Singing Class. The Juvenile Class of lads and misses (from five years old and upwards,) which has just been commenced for elementary instruction, will meet at the academy, every Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Also, the evening class of ladies and gentlemen, (having some knowledge of first principles,) every Tuesday evening, at 7½ o'clock, for the practice of new and popular Church music, anthems, &c. with instrumental accompaniments.

Books supplied at the academy.

☞ To meet the exigencies of the times, former prices have been reduced one half! Applications are respectfully solicited for the above, and also for rudimental evening classes, soon to be formed.

INSTRUMENTAL.

Lessons given on the Piano Forte, Violin, Violoncello, Double Bass, Flute and French Accordeon—all on accommodating terms.

Choice instruments, methods of instruction, &c. furnished at the market prices.

Accordeons repaired and tuned. sep 22 tf

GIHON'S BOOK BINDERY, No. 98 CHESNUT street above Third over the office of Graham's Magazine, Philadelphia.

Books will be bound at this establishment in any manner that may be desired, from the plainest to the most elegant style viz.

Rich Velvet, Satin or Silk Binding, with Gold, Silver, or Plated Bands, Ornaments and Clasps, and Velvet or Gilt Edges.	Calf, Turkey Morocco, ides Morocco, Plain or Extra Sheep, Roan, and Cloth, either full or half Binding.

Particular attention will be given to the Binding or re-binding the Books of Public or Private Libraries, Works of Engravings, Periodicals, Albums, Books for Presents, and every other variety of Job Work.

Books sent directed to J. L. Gihon to the care of G. R. Graham & Co. will be promptly attended to. Prices reasonable. TERMS CASH. july 16 tf

DAGUERREOTYPE MATERIALS.—M. P. SIMONS, Daguerreotype, Miniature Case and Apparatus Manufacturer, also importer of Plates, Chemicals, Lens, &c., together with every other article used in the art. Orders from any part of the country attended to upon the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice, at No. 179 Chesnut street, 4th story, opposite the State House, Philadelphia.

N. B.—A liberal discount to city operators who buy to sell again. june 18 6m

INFIRMARY FOR THE TREATMENT OF SCROFULA AND DISEASES OF THE SKIN, No. 185 Spruce st. below Seventh, Philadelphia, *Physician*, G. H. PARTRIDGE, M. D.

References—J. C. Warren, M. D. Professor of Anatomy, &c Boston, Mass. W. Parker, M. D. Professor of Anatomy, &c Cincinnati, Ohio. Philadelphia, H. Bond, M. D. J. Clapp, M. D., R. Coates, M. D. B. S. Janny, M. D. Office hours 9 o'clock A. M. To 4 o'clock, P. M.

*** Persons from a distance wishing medical advice by writing correct descriptions of their case, and enclosing a fee—letters post paid—shall receive prompt attention by advice and prescriptions. ja 6-eow 6m

IMPORTANT TO THE DEAF.—We commend to the particular attention of those desirous of having their hearing restored, "Scarpa's Oil for Deafness." We hear it highly spoken of by those who have used it, and who, of course, know its value.—*Daily Chronicle.*

Country merchants and druggists, who are in want of Scarpa's Compound Kreosote Acoustic Oil, a medicine that is a certain cure for Deafness and Diseases of the Ears, is can obtain the preparation by sending their orders to their friends in this city, or to Dr. Jayne, No. 20 south Third street, or N. C. Blair corner of Eighth and Walnut, who have the medicine at wholesale or retail.

Price $10.00 per dozen, or $1 for a single bottle. Terms cash. Letters must be post paid. sep 10-tf

STAMMERING CURED, and Instruction given in Elocution by Dr. A. Comstock, No. 100 Mulberry street, Philadelphia. nov 20-1y*

Gems from the Poets.

THE MAIDEN KNIGHT.

BY TENNYSON.

Oh, just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair through faith and prayer,
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Through dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, spins from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of Heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

Popular Lectures.

(REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.)

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY DR. DIONYSIUS LARDNER.

CONTINUED.

"Ring the bell—draw up the curtain—and let the drama begin."

FALL OF THE BASTILE.

THE FIRST MASSACRES.

The days which have been rendered memorable by the siege of the Bastile, commenced on Saturday July 11th. On the evening of that day the plot of the Court had arrived at maturity, and was ripe for action. Paris was to have been entered at seven points by the military, the citizens were to be coerced and the city put under martial law. At the same time, the Assembly at Versailles was to be surrounded by troops, then visited by the King—and dissolved. This was to have taken place July 15th. But first it was necessary to get rid of the Ministry of Neckar, which was popular. On the afternoon of Saturday, the King sent Neckar a letter, ordering that he should leave Paris quietly, but with no parade as if he were about quitting the ministry—and to quit France. Neckar was at dinner with his wife when he received it. He did not mention the contents to her, but ordered his carriage and proceeded to his country-seat near Paris—thence to Brussels. It was difficult, where many were entrusted, to keep a plot a secret. Rumors of the plot circulated on Sunday, and the alarm increased. At four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, it was known in Paris that Neckar had left, the Ministry was dismissed, and replaced by persons obnoxious to the people, particularly one of them—*Foulon*. He was reported to have said that "the way to govern a kingdom was, if necessary, to make the people eat grass; if bread were difficult to be had, to eat hay." Ten thousand people assembled on Sunday evening in the Palais Royale.

Camille Desmoulins, afterwards distinguished in the Revolution, was in a coffee-room. He went out, stood on a chair, and addressed the people, exhorting them to take arms—shewing pistols—and then he headed them as they passed through the streets to the Hotel de Ville, (town hall,) where they demanded arms. They took arms from gunsmiths' shops, leaving a receipt for them. They then proceeded to the Place Vendome, where they encountered a regiment of foreign dragoons, and several were killed. In the Place Louis Quinze, they had more conflicts, and several more persons were killed. The people were here joined by the French Guards. They there met several foreign regiments, (Swiss, &c., in the French service,)—but when the officers of these regiments gave the order to "fire!"—the privates refused. They were marched back to the other troops in the Champ de Mars, and the Place Louis Quinze was left in the possession of the crowd. On Monday, the thirteenth, the people assembled at the Hotel de Ville, demanding arms. The electors of Paris were there. They sent for *Flessel*, Provost of Trades, to say where the arms were to be found. He deluded the people, said that he expected a large quantity in wagons, but when the wagons arrived, they were found to be filled only with wood, rags, and rubbish. Thus passed Monday. On Tuesday, the people came in thousands to the Hotel de Ville; 30,000 pikes were ordered for them.

It was now rumored that there were arms in the Hotel des Invalides. The crowd applied to the Governor, who refused to deliver up arms, without an order from Versailles. At length the people rushed into the building and found arms in the cellar; and the rush there was so great, that the first who entered it were nearly trampled to death from those who pressed from behind; and their lives were only saved by pointing bayonets at their own party on the cellar stairs, to keep them back. Thirty-two thousand muskets, properly mounted, were obtained by the populace. The night before, the Governor of the Invalides, who feared they might be seized—sent twenty or thirty invalids down to unscrew the locks—but though these men were several hours in the cellar at work, only twenty muskets were dismounted—which fact might serve to show that the Invalides favored the popular cause. The commons found at the Invalides, five thousand pounds of powder, and a number of horses were seized. It was reported that there was an immense quantity of cartridges in the Bastile; and to get at these, a regular attack on that fortress began about one or two o'clock in the day. The lecturer here described the Bastile. The people rushed into the first court and attacked the drawbridge. The Governor and one hundred soldiers were in the fortress, and the bridge was drawn up.

Two men got on the roof of a neighboring house, cut the chains, the drawbridge fell, and the people rushed by thousands into the second court, in which the Governor's house was situated. The Governor did not fire on the people, and this state of things continued for several hours, until the soldiers of the French Guard, who had now fully joined the people, came up drawing cannon. The conflict then became bloody. Two or three loads of straw were put against the Governor's house, and set fire to. It was then, and not till then, that the Governor fired grape, which produced great slaughter. But the Bastile was not reduced by the power of arms. The fact was, that the one hundred men within it had not brought food with them, and were famishing. These men surrounded the Governor, and besought him to surrender. The Governor, M. Delaunay, had lighted a match, with which he meant to ignite five thousand pounds of powder, and blow up the fortress—but two soldiers prevented him.

At length the garrison hoisted the white flag, made of the governor's handkerchief; and both the besieged and the besiegers suspended their fire. A communication was given by the garrison, and received by one of the populace on the end of a plank passed over a part of the ditch, and it was agreed that the fortress should be surrendered, on condition that the governor and garrison were to pass out with their lives. The second drawbridge was lowered, the multitude rushed in, many of the soldiers were massacred and others saved with difficulty by the French guard. The Governor, Monsieur Delaunay was savagely trampled to death, his head cut off, placed on a pike and carried through the streets of Paris—being the first instance of that barbarous practice.

When the news arrived at the Hotel de Ville, it was resolved by the populace, that the next victim should be the unfortunate Flessel, who had deluded the people with regard to arms. It was agreed that he was to submit to trial; but when passing the corner of a street with the crowd, some one fired a pistol and took his life. In this crisis it was, that the well-known National Guard was formed, but a difficulty arose as to who should be appointed commander; when M. Bailly pointed to a bust presented by Virginia, in North America, to the City of Paris. It was the bust of La Fayette! He was appointed, and took a solemn oath never to draw his sword but in defence of French liberty. The effect of the event referred to—the fall of the Bastile—was practically the fall of the royal authority in France. The king immediately recalled Neckar.

Two signal instances of the awful results of popular vengeance now occurred. Foulon, the obnoxious Minister, after the fall of the Bastile, got up a report that he was dead; and absolutely had a pompous funeral performed for his own obsequies. Meanwhile he went to the house of a friend near Paris, and remained for a few days concealed. But he was at last found, seized by the authorities of the nearest town and brought to Paris. He was met by a mob, who made him eat nettles, hung a band of them over his shoulder, placed a bunch of thistles in his breast, and finally a bundle of hay on his back. He was thus marched to the Hotel de Ville, where La Fayette, as commander of the National Guard, and Bailly, endeavored to procure him a trial, and even hinted that it would be policy to save him, as he might give valuable information as to the movements and intentions of the enemies of the people. He was placed in a back room, but the people thinking that he had escaped, he was shown at the balcony of a window.

The multitude forced their way into the building, rushed into the room and demanded Foulon. He was brought and placed in a chair by Lafayette, who again addressed the people on his behalf—or rather for a fair trial—but all in vain. The crowd tore him through the room, and down upon the square in front; where they hung him up by the rope of a lamp which extending across the street, was lowered for the purpose. The cord broke, was tied—broke and broke again—he fell on his knees and joined his hands supplicating for mercy—but the people were inexorable—and in this state of agony he was kept for a quarter of an hour until a new cord was obtained. After being hung, his body was dragged through the kennel and thrown on the mud of the Seine. Berthier, his son-in-law, and an Intendant of finance, had fled, but was arrested at Compeigne. The humane magistrates of Paris sent a courier to prevent his being brought to the city—but the courier met the cortege bringing him.

The crowd was too murderous and furious to be induced to turn back. On arriving at Paris, the unfortunate Berthier met a party of men armed with staves, on which were inscribed the offences with which he was charged. Being brought to the place where he was to die, he seized a musket, and resisted for some time—but he fell with hundreds of bayonet stabs. And here a scene occurred which, in conjunction with those just described, was calculated to surround with disgrace, even the most brilliant revolution. The head of Foulon was placed on a pike, with a wisp of hay in its mouth, and on another pike beside it, was placed the heart of his son-in-law, Berthier, dripping with blood. Many other such scenes occurred, until the gloom and clouds of the Revolution cleared away, and the day of liberty brightened.

SECOND LECTURE.

PART I.—THE REVOLT OF WOMEN.

The lecturer commenced this lecture by alluding to the manner in which the French monarchy had crumbled stone by stone, before the influence of popular opinion. The National Assembly now consisted of three classes—the Royal party, who wished to support the crown without its abuses—the Neckar party who desired a constitution similar to Great Britain—and the National or Republican party. Those great engines of the Revolution—the Clubs—were then described. The first was the "Club of Bretons"—afterwards the Jacobins. It was not the desire of the Jacobins at first to overthrow the throne. The Cordeliers formed another club, that openly professed republicanism. The Feuillans, formed by La Fayette and others, were monarchists. The different shades of opinion expressed in these clubs corresponded with the shades of opinion in the National Assembly—and the parties, moreover, of the nation. They were organized like the assembly. There was also a republican party organized, in all respects, similar to the organization of the assembly itself. There were besides other *foci* of discussion, and the discussion of the affairs of the nation occupied every class—even down to the lowest soldiers, who formed a body for discussion at the Oratore. The hair dressers formed a club which met in the Champs Elysees, and even the servants met to debate in the courts of the Louvre. Thus all was one mass of social fermentation. The debates of the National Assembly were influenced by these external bodies. Besides these, there were the Municipalities—Paris being divided into sixty sub-divisions, each sub-division having a club. The electors, bodies of men appointed by the people to elect members of the National Assembly, had their clubs—for although their functions ceased when they had chosen the members, yet nevertheless they met, and were regularly organized, appointing committees on certain questions, as in the Assembly. On the fourth of August, the National Assembly, acted on more by the force of external pressure than by the force of its own conviction, appeared to be seized with a delirium. One noble rushed to the Tribune and laid down all his titles and privileges—another and another followed under the electric influence—and the representatives of corporate bodies also rushed to the Tribune and followed the example. Thus the monopoly of privileges virtually fell at once. The scarcity of provisions, and the political restlessness of the capital, produced continual action on the Assembly at Versailles. The Court, meanwhile, did not despair of the restoration of its power; and by October, several regiments, especially foreign ones, assembled at Versailles, as if with some sinister design. The old regiments gave a dinner on the first of October, to these new comers, in the theatre. After dinner, the privates were admitted to the pit. Loyal toasts were drank with enthusiasm, and a respectful invitation was sent to the King and Queen to honor the feast (which it was said was got up with their permission, if not their consent,) with their presence. Fatally for themselves, they did so; visited the feast, thanked all present for their loyalty, and retired. Then a burst of feeling took place, indicating hostility to the people and attachment to the crown. The healths of the King and Queen were enthusiastically drank, but the health of the nation was declined—the officers drew their swords, ascended the boxes, flourished them as indicative of what they would do against the people if so employed,—and all this in the frantic delirium of intoxication and loyalty. The Queen expressed herself much gratified with this ebullition—and the festival was repeated on the third with all its obnoxious features.

The news of these festivals reached Paris on the 4th, and added much to the exasperation produced among the people by the scarcity of provisions. A young female rushed into a guard house and seized a drum, with which she proceeded through the streets—crying for "bread—bread!" She was followed by other women, until they amounted to thousands, who broke into houses and compelled all the women they could find, even the most respectable, to join them. They marched to the Hotel de Ville, were resisted for some time by the soldiers, but at length rushed in for arms, and found several hundred stand. They repaired to the tower to ring the tocsin. There they found the Abbe Lefevre, a friend of the people, and soon hung him in their frantic fury to a beam—but one woman, more humane than the rest, cut him down and thus saved his life. It happened that a *Monsieur Maillard*, afterwards well known in the Revolution, as a *roue* (so he said) to rid the Hotel de Ville of the women, proposed that they should go to Versailles and bring the king to Paris. "To Versailles—to Versailles!" was the cry, and the Hotel was soon left in possession of La Fayette and the National Guard. To Versailles they went, notwithstanding that Maillard wished to prevent them, and the writers of the day describe the scene as truly extraordinary—a motley and immense crowd of women, of all ages and conditions; and among them, *Mademoiselle Therouigne*, (of whom the lecturer had already spoken) formed a conspicuous figure, mounted on the cannon. It was twelve miles to Versailles, and six in the evening by the time the women arrived there, headed by Maillard. The Assembly was sitting at the time, and Maillard led in a deputation of the women, and informed the members of the distress and famine that existed at the capital, and which had caused so extraordinary a body to come to Versailles for relief. Twelve women went with the president to the king, and one Louise Chapeur was spokeswoman. She addressed the king in very appropriate style, and with similar import to Maillard's address to the Assembly—but before she had concluded, she was so overcome that she fainted. The king behaved with great kindness and gallantry. He raised her in his arms, and as soon as she recovered, assured the deputation that nothing would be left untried to relieve the distress. The women retired much gratified. It was not uninstructive to observe the extraordinary caprices that sometimes seized large bodies of people. The multitude of women threatened to tear the women to pieces who had been to the king, because they said the female deputation had been cajoled by him. They were going to hang them, and the women were with difficulty saved by the troops. In Paris, the male [illegible] tainers of these women and others, assembled in crowds at the Hotel de Ville, and applied to La Fayette to lead them to Versailles. He tried to dissuade them, but could not; and at seven in the evening he accompanied them, deeming his presence a measure of safety to restrain them, and they arrived at Versailles at midnight. They there found great confusion—some of the women being exposed to the weather, some in chambers and some in the Hall of the Assembly. Before leaving Paris, La Fayette took the precaution to administer to the National Guards that went with him, an oath to be faithful to the king and respect his life. At twelve o'clock, La Fayette went to the king and offered to guard the palace; but Louis (fatal distrust!) said he might guard the outer court, but the [illegible] must be guarded by the body-guard, officered by nobles. La Fayette took every precaution, and retired to rest at five o'clock in the morning.

A number of men and women roaming about, at six o'clock, found a side gate open, which they entered. They were seen by the body-guard—a woman used insulting language—they were warned off, did not go, and the guard fired and killed a man. The crowd now increased, rushed in, up the staircase, towards the royal apartments—the guards retreated—a room door was closed—it was forced open with hatchets—the guards retired to the queen's anti-room—calling out—"save the queen!" The queen rose, retired through an apartment called *l'œil de bœuf*, to the king's room; and meanwhile the king had come to the queen's by another way, to provide for her safety. Such is the account of Madame Campan, whose sister was in the royal service. The mob now filled nearly all the rooms. La Fayette rode to the courts of the palace, and found a conflict between the body-guard and populace. He led into the palace a part of the French guards, and succeeded in clearing it of the people. He then proceeded to the royal family, the mob without shouting for the king and queen to appear. The king appeared at a balcony and assured them that he was desirous to relieve all wants. They cried—"to Paris"—and shouted for the queen. She resolved to appear. La Fayette came into the balcony leading her by the hand—she leading her two children, the dauphin and dauphine. The people called out—"away with the children!" The queen courageously sent them away; and the people applauded her—but shouted—"to Paris—to Paris!" The king resolved to go to Paris and reside there with his family; but a body of men would be exposed to the popular fury, chiefly formed of aristocrats—the "body-guard." The humane La Fayette brought one of them to the balcony and embraced him, taking off his hat, in which he placed the tricolor, and the body-guard waved his sword and cried "Vive la Nation!" The people then seemed satisfied, but cried, "to Paris!" In the course of the night, two of the body-guard were slain. The people put their heads on pikes, and early in the morning, a part of the crowd proceeded with these barbarous trophies to Paris—stopping at Sevres, where they made an unfortunate barber dress the hair of these ghastly objects in a first style of fashion. The royal family left Versailles at one o'clock, accompanied by the people and troops—the former shouting—"we have brought the baker, and bakeress and the baker's boy. We shall no longer want bread." These ignorant people supposed that the king could command a full supply of bread. The cavalcade proceeded with the king and queen to the Hotel de Ville, where they were presented with much solemnity to the municipalities in session assembled. "I return with confidence,"—said the king, "into the midst of my people in Paris." Bailly repeated these words to those who could not hear them, but he forgot the word *confidence*. "Add with *confidence*," said the queen, with admirable tact. "You are happier," replied Bailly, "than if I had said it myself." The royal family took up their residence in the Tuilleries, which they never left but for a flight to Varennes—and after for the Temple, where the king and queen endured so much misery, and which prison they only left for their trials and exit from the world.

PART THE SECOND.

FESTIVAL OF THE FEDERATION.

The lecturer observed that the result of 5th of October was the transfer of seat of Government from Versailles to Paris—a result of greatest moment—not to the monarch alone, but as was found also, of great moment to the freedom of debate in the National Assembly. The King was placed in the midst of an excited population. The Assembly was transferred from Versailles to the house of Archbishop of Paris—afterwards to the *Salle de Manege* (Riding-House) of the Tuilleries. The United States have wisely provided that the great Councils of the Republic shall not be held in the midst of a large city. Indeed it must be obvious that the external influences of popular faction, are unfavorable to the deliberations of a legislative Assembly—and so in France it proved to be. Other movements were now made. The Club of Bretons removed to the Jacobin Convent and took the name of Jacobins. The Feuillans also moved. The National Assembly proceeded to the formation of a Constitution; but were compelled to take part in the Legislative and other powers of the Kingdom during several months. Until the following summer, little of moment occurred, except the emigration of Comte d'Artois (Charles X.,) many of nobility, and among them, Polignac, since Minister to Charles X. The King was urged to leave Paris, and even to leave the Kingdom; but he was averse to do this, apprehensive the Duke of Orleans would be appointed Lieut. Governor. In the summer of 1790, it was determined to celebrate the anniversary of the fall of Bastile by a festival in the Champ de Mars—the Provinces sending deputies to take part in the celebration. At this National Feast, no scaffolding was allowed for fear of accidents—the ground was excavated in the centre of that large space, and raised in steps on all sides of a spacious quadrangle instead, which would enable the people to see. But although 25,000 men were employed in the work, it was soon found that it would be impossible to complete it in time. An editor of a Paris paper proposed that each district of Paris should send volunteers to assist—and soon the extraordinary spectacle of 250,000 persons, all at work, was seen in the Champ de Mars—whole families—the husband and his wife—sons and daughters—grandfathers and grandmothers—ladies of education digging clay and carrying it to raised heaps in their aprons—a monk by the side of a nun toiling at the excavation—a former noble working beside a common soldier—a judge beside a bailiff—indeed, nothing could be more striking than the perfect principle of equality that prevailed. The enthusiasm rose so high, that the city authorities attempted to restrain it, but in vain. An altar was raised, called the "Altar of the Country." All animosities were for the time extinct; and the scene is described by writers of that day as most affecting, to see all Frenchmen, as it were, turn out as brothers, in this one great celebration of what they then supposed, but it did not turn out so—would be the final settlement of the liberties of France.

Finally, 400,000 citizens assembled together to celebrate the establishment of their freedom. Two chairs, one covered with violet velvet, were placed on each side of the altar—one for the King, and one for the President of National Assembly—both on the same level, to indicate that monarchy was not above the representatives of people. Near them was placed Lafayette, who was then appointed Commander of National Guard. Talleyrand, then an ecclesiastic and Bishop of Autun, attended by several hundred priests, performed high mass, which was accompanied by splendid military music. Afterwards the Oath of Federation was taken, and this was a very imposing ceremony. It was first taken by Lafayette, who having first approached the King, then went and laid his sword on the altar, the National Guards at a signal, extending their right arms. Lafayette then took the oath of the National Guard, to be faithful to the King, the law, and the people, and to support the Federal Constitution. The King then took the oath, and in an audible voice, swore to support the Federal Constitution and French liberty. The Queen spontaneously rose and holding up the Dauphin in her arms, said:—"Behold my son! He and his mother participate in the oath." The event was celebrated with discharges of cannon, responded to by other cannon placed at stated distances for many miles—thus announcing, as the discharges grew fainter and fainter in the metropolis, the glad event of the Oath and Festival of the Federation, to all France.

(*The tableaux vivants illustrative of the first and second lectures, were beautiful and impressive. The theatre was darkened in front, and each living picture was introduced with appropriate music.*)

☞ A lady, accustomed to give herself airs of importance, on being introduced to a gentleman of rank for the first time, said with much cool indifference, "I think, sir, I have seen you somewhere!" "I think it very likely, madam," he replied, with equal coolness, "as I go always somewhere."

The Humorist.

☞ A romantic young lady fell the other day into the [illegible] and was near drowning, but succor being fortunately at hand, she was drawn out senseless and carried home. On coming to, she declared to her family that she would marry him who had saved her.
"Impossible," said her papa.
"What, is he already married?"
"No."
"Wasn't it that interesting young man who lives here in our neighborhood?"
"Dear me, no—it was a Newfoundland dog."

☞ Deacon Snowball, in one of his sermons, gives the following apt hit at matrimonial government. "When Peter Widgdon strapped his wife toder day, she tell him dat he was no gemman, and she and she would complain to de Woman's Rite Society; and de questions ob dat society called to see Peter, and Peter treat dem to eggnog and a roast chicken, and dey dat day guessed dat his wife was in de wrong arter all, for de eggnog was berry good, and de chicken was berry nice."

☞ The late Col. S——, so well known for his [illegible] size and body [illegible], being once importuned by a diminutive tailor for payment of a bill, [illegible]—"If you were not such a little reptile, I would kick you downstairs." "Little reptile!" remonstrated the tailor, "and what if I am? Recollect, Colonel, that we ban't all be great brutes!"

☞ "A country newspaper," says the Spirit of the Times, "wonders why [illegible] go to war in warm weather? We don't know, unless it be because an [illegible] nation is anxious for summer-[illegible]. It strikes us, however, that for a very savage people, the winter time offers greater opportunities for [illegible] to advantage!"

☞ Lend, and never ask to be repaid; ask soap every body with whom you come in contact; coincide exactly with your neighbor's sentiments; ask every owl's advice; make presents, give treats, meekly suffer yourself to be spit upon and to be cheated, have no mind of your own, dispute no man's bill, and—you will be universally despised.

☞ "Why are you like a crazy man, my dear?" asked a wife, seating herself by her husband. "Don't know," replied the husband, scratching his head. "I give it up." "Why," replied the wife, hitching up closer to him, and putting on one of her sweetest smiles, "I am your other self, and you are beside yourself."

☞ One of the venders of the new list of Henry Clay, walked up to the carriage in which Mr. Webster departed from the Astor House, and earnestly said, "Take the life of Henry Clay?" "I cannot take the life of so eminent a citizen," was the reply.

☞ An Englishman who had been to this country, was asked on his return home what he thought of the Falls of Niagara? He said—"they were rather prettyish, but not so great a *natural* curiosity as a horse race at Newmarket!"

☞ A patent has just been taken out in Boston for cleaning fish, by giving them snuff;—when they sneeze their scales clean off. The patentee *nose* a thing or two—he is evidently "up to snuff, and a pinch above it!"

☞ Said Digby to Quilp, on entering a cab the other day, "why are these vehicles very dangerous?" "Why?" said Quilp. "Because," said Digby, "the man always drives *over* you." Quilp walked.

☞ The superintendent of the water-works in St. Louis rejoices in the appropriate name of *Brooks*.
"Large streams from little fountains flow,"
So *Brooks* should working water go!

☞ A facetious Hoosier paper says "a man in Kentucky smoked so long and hard, that he became red hot, and did not discover the fact until he hissed in an attempt to expectorate."

☞ They have about seven morning papers in the dusky little city of Pittsburg. We presume this is in order to give the inhabitants light to see through the smoke.

☞ An enterprising genius in Cincinnati is going to grease the axles of the world with lard oil, so as to keep it a going and circumvent the Rev. Mr. Miller.

☞ A friend of ours proposes starting business as a great quack, having invented what he calls the *chemical, cosmetical cold cream pale paste pomatum!*

☞ "Husband, I don't know where that boy got his bad temper—not from *me*, I'm sure." "No, my dear—for I don't see that you've *lost* any."

☞ Lord North said, very wittily, of two celebrated contractors, that one was a "rogue in spirit" and the other a "rogue in grain."

☞ It is said that Fanny Elssler has been left more money by her *grand pas* than by all her other relations!

☞ "I can't leave you *long*, my dear," as the husband affectionately remarked to his diminutive partner.

☞ "I wish to introduce a *bill* for the prevention of worms," as the woodpecker said to the apple tree.

☞ Why is a beafsteak like murder? Do you give it up? Because it should be *rarely* done.

☞ Why is a large newspaper like a "coach and four?" Because it has its *leaders*.

☞ "It's all *Dickey* with him," as the girl said of her shirtless beau.

☞ "Back out," as the bustle said to the petticoat.

Choice Selections.

THE SABBATH.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet yonder haunts the quiet mill;
The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still.

Six days stern Labor shuts the poor
From Nature's careless banquet hall;
The seventh an angel opens the door,
And, smiling, welcomes all!

A father's tender mercy gave
This holy respite to the breast,
To breathe the gale—to watch the wave,
And know—the wheel may rest!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength thy master's slave must be;
The seventh, thy limbs escape the chain—
A God hath made thee free.

The fields that yester morning knew
Thy footsteps as their serf, survey;
On thee, as them, descends the dew,
The baptism of the day.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
But yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still.

To rest, Oh weary heart! but, lo,
The church-spire glist'ning up to Heaven,
To warn thee where thy thoughts should go
The day thy God hath given!

Lone through the landscape's solemn rest
The spire its moral points on high—
Oh soul, at peace within the breast,
Rise, mingling with the sky!

They tell thee, in their dreaming school
Of Power from old Dominion hurled,
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
Shall share the altered world.

Alas! since Time itself began,
That fable hath but fooled the hour;
Each age that ripens Power in Man,
But subjects man to Power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
One bright Republic shall be known;
Man's world awhile hath surely ceased,
When God proclaims his own!

Six days may rank divide the poor,
Oh Dives, from thy banquet hall—
The seventh, the Father opes the door,
And holds his feast for all!

THE UNCOUTH FRIEND;
Or, the Exclusive.

"Well," said Ellen North, with a toss of her pretty head, and a contemptuous curl of the lip, as the street door closed behind her father and his friend, "I do think papa is the strangest man that I ever saw!"

"How so?" inquired her mother, quietly.

"How so! why mamma, I shouldn't suppose you would ask. Only think of his bringing that vulgar old codger here to dinner to day."

"I am very sorry, Ellen, if your father has done anything to injure your delicate nerves; perhaps you had better retire to your room till you recover from the shock."

"You may laugh at me as much as you please, mamma, but I know that if Mrs. A., or Mr. C., or Dr. L. had been here, you would have been ashamed."

"I am not disposed to laugh, my child, however ridiculous your notions might appear to others, for this is in reality a serious subject. Neither the presence of the visitors you have named, nor that of any others, would make me ashamed to entertain this Mr. Selwyn, since I understand he is an old friend of your father's. I never saw him before, but his being invited to dinner, is a sufficient proof of his respectability, and I shall always be pleased to entertain any guest your father introduces."

"An old friend! I hope papa is not under any obligations to him!"

"I know of no pecuniary obligations, but these are not always the deepest, Ellen."

"I know what you would say, mamma, but there are different classes in society, and I suppose men belonging to the same class, have claims upon each other, but I don't see why they should extend their claims to their superiors." Mrs. North smiled, and Ellen perceiving that she had been uttering nonsense, attempted to cover her bad argument by ridiculing the old farmer. "But Mr. Selwyn is such a vulgar appearing man, mamma, why he is as coarse and rough as though he had been accustomed to the stable, or cobbler's stall, all his days. I verily believe he never was in a parlor before; his loud voice almost frightened me, and then his great thick boots—dear me! one would think he was shod with iron."

"I perceive that you are somewhat agitated—"

"Now mamma!"

"Well, I will not laugh at you—Mr. Selwyn's face is certainly somewhat weather-beaten, and his features, as they should be, not very feminine, but I discovered nothing like vulgarity in his person or manners. His voice is strong and manly, and I will acknowledge needs some softening down, to sound well in a parlor, and his dress is just what I should expect from the little that I saw of his character, plain, neat, and comfortable."

"Well, I am sure you can't say but his behavior was clownish, didn't you observe him eating with his knife, drinking from his saucer, and putting his napkin anywhere and everywhere but the right place?"

"These are but trifles, Ellen, and only confirm what we should know without them, that custom has not made him acquainted with all the minutiae of what we call refined society."

"Then, I should'nt think he would come here, even if papa did invite him."

"Ellen, my dear child, you don't understand these things. Why should Mr. Selwyn refuse to dine with an old friend, merely because there happens to be a little difference in their respective circumstances? They commenced life together, one chose the toil and bustle, the cares and anxieties attendant on a mercantile life, and the other betook himself to his quiet farm; is this difference in tastes, a reason why they should ever after be estranged?"

"Is Mr. Selwyn rich, mamma?"

"I don't know. Be that as it may, I know by your father's manner to-day, that he esteems him highly, and he was evidently very much pained by your rude conduct."

"Well, I suppose there is no harm in being rude to rude people, and for the life of me, I couldn't help laughing at his stiff bow, and queer voice."

"A *lady* is a lady everywhere, Ellen, and I am extremely sorry that you have so forfeited your claim to the title."

"Oh nonsense, mamma, the old fellow didn't dream that I was making fun of him, and without doubt, will tell his daughter, that he boasted so much about, how delighted he was with the attentions of the *charming Miss Ellen*. Only think how condescendingly I played that beautiful waltz, and then—true, I was a little vexed when without giving me a single compliment, he asked for 'Auld Lang Syne,' as though I was expected to know such old-fashioned things."

"Yes, rather too *condescendingly*, Ellen, and since you seem to be insensible to any claim, but that of fashion, let me tell you that I never saw a *true lady* put on air of condescension. If Mr. Selwyn had not pitied your vanity and folly, I presume he would have made you feel his disapprobation."

"*Pity me!*" exclaimed Ellen angrily, "really, mamma, I do not need the pity of such people, and hope I never shall. Pity indeed! and I suppose he will bring his great, strapping, red-haired daughter to pity me next, and I shall have to play to a whole tribe of little Selwyns. Pah!"

"Oh Ellen!" exclaimed Mrs. North, "if these are the boasted accomplishments that you left me to gain, most bitterly do I regret the day, that I committed my only daughter to another's guardianship."

"Pardon me, dear mamma," returned Ellen, somewhat softened, "I did not intend to wound your feelings, and am extremely sorry, for the ill-natured things I have said; but, really mamma, I couldn't help laughing, indeed I could not."

* * * * *

Months passed away, and Mrs. North's utmost exertions were insufficient to eradicate the prejudices of Ellen, which she had imbibed during a year that she had travelled with her cousins. She had the utmost dread of what she called *parvenu* society, and was very careful never to recognize as an acquaintance, any but those who happened to belong to a particular circle. The consequence was, that she lost the opportunity of gaining a great deal of useful information, rendered herself unhappy, made enemies unnecessarily, and often incurred the ridicule of her friends.

* * * * *

It was more than a year after the conversation recorded at the commencement of our chapter, that Mr. North entered the parlor earlier than was his wont, and strode two or three times across it, then with an air of dogged determination, stopped short, and exclaimed, "Well, it's of no use to conceal it any longer—it's an ugly piece of business, and the sooner you know it the better." Mrs. North, in some surprise, closed the volume she was reading, and Ellen, astonished more at her father's strange manner than his words, let fall her embroidery frame, and started to her feet. Mr. North continued in a softer tone, "You, my dear Jane, who have never been elated by prosperity, will, I know, bear our reverses well, but Ellen,—what will her boasted accomplishments avail her, when she finds herself a beggar?"

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. North, with as much calmness as she could command.

"Simply that I have failed—not fashionably, but utterly and hopelessly, and on looking over my accounts to-night, I find that I have not a penny I can honestly call my own, not even enough to procure a shelter for our heads. This has not driven me crazy, as it does some men, because I know I have a sensible wife—" A sob from Ellen, who was extended on the sofa, interrupted him, and seeing that the face of his wife was very pale, he ventured to express a hope that all might not yet be as bad as he supposed.

It was in vain that Mr. North endeavored to encourage his family. His affairs were quite as much deranged as he had represented them, and as he scorned all subterfuge, the news soon spread throughout the city.

It was with difficulty that Mrs. North preserved her calmness through the scenes that followed, and Ellen, finding herself neglected by the summer friends she had trusted, confined herself to her apartment.

A week passed away, and the little family having partially recovered from the shock, were once more seated in the pleasant back parlor, endeavoring to devise some means of future support.

"It is quite as bad as I expected," said Mr. North, "but I will not retain a penny lawfully another's. I have been unwise, blind, mad perhaps, but I will not be unjust. If I only had a place where I could with propriety, leave you and Ellen."

"Why not let us go to uncle's, papa?" asked Ellen.

"Because," returned the father, "although your punishment be just, it might not be salutary. You would now be among them, the very being they taught you to despise."

"Oh my cousins,"—Ellen began, but she remembered their exclusive notions, and the unexpected change in her other friends, and burst into tears. "Oh dear, dear!" exclaimed the poor girl, "to think there was not one true friend among them all."

"Because the friendship was built on a wrong basis," said Mrs. North, not however, without a sigh, for she too had been deceived.

"A letter, sir!" said a servant entering. Mr. North took the letter, gave it a cursory glance, and threw it on the table.

"Why don't you read it?" inquired his wife.

"Because we have more important business now, than reading the letters of strangers," said Mr. North, examining the seal. "The post-mark is indistinct, and the hand-writing strange, some business communication I presume, and I have done with business."

"No, not done with it," said his wife cheerfully, "only laying plans to begin anew. But if you will read your letter, when you have finished, I will disclose to you a little plan of my own." Mr. North broke the seal, and listlessly cast his eye upon the page. The contents however seemed of more consequence than he had imagined, for his face suddenly became flushed, his lip quivered, and the big drops collected in his eye, rolled down his cheek, and lodged upon the paper. He had not wept before, and his wife was alarmed. "There, read it!" said he, passing the letter to her hand, "I can not." Mrs. North read aloud:

"DEAR NED—A piece of news which reached my ears last night has made me bold enough to write and demand a favor of you. Now don't refuse me, for I have quite set my heart upon it, and shall follow my letter to town as soon as possible to use force if necessary in carrying you off. I have a house close by my own that I should be glad to lease, and it would be such a delightful thing to have you for a neighbor, that I am determined to carry the point with you. You may as well sell off your fine furniture, for you would have no use for it here, and I have good, solid, farmer's stuff enough to make your new mansion quite decent and comfortable. I insist on your coming at least to spend the summer with us, but will promise when you get weary of a country life to detain you no longer. RICHARD SELWYN."

"The vulgar old codger!" said Mrs. North in a low tone to Ellen, but Ellen had at the commencement of the letter, as if she more than guessed its author, buried her face in the sofa cushions, and she only replied in a tone quite as low as her mother's, "Oh, mamma, how *can* I see him!"

She did see him, however, and was readily pardoned. The house in the country which Mr. Selwyn had purposely purchased on hearing of the misfortune of his friend proved a little paradise, where Mr. North spent a long and happy life. As to the "strapping, red-haired daughter," she was found to be the sweetest little Hebe that ever bloomed among the wild flowers, and breathed the pure air of the country, and to our heroine she was the best and dearest of friends."

The moral to our little story is apparent, yet would we say to the young, the thoughtless, and the proud, judge not from outward appearances. Worth often clothes itself in a homely garb, and folly, meanness, and imbecility, stalk proudly in the halls of fashion, as the diamond hides its brilliancy in the sands of India, while the false jewel glitters in the gilded casket.

LOVE.

The humorous sermonizer of the Mercury, preaches thus: "My friends—not to love is painful. To have all our thoughts entombed in the dark sepulchre of selfishness, and our hopes lost in the cold mists of misanthrophy, is about as bad as being confined in a dungeon, to be fed with the fragments of one's former follies. The light of love, admitted through the windows of the heart, warms and nourishes the soil of the soul—causes the buds of benevolence to expand, and the capsules of charity to be filled with the ripe seeds of sympathy. Without the genial influence of love the bosom freezes, and becomes as barren as a goose pasture in winter. If a flower chances to bloom, it is destitute of fragrance; or, if it have any, it wastes its sweetness, as the poet says, upon the desert air. To be without love, is like being without a fire in winter, a lamp at night, and a sun at mid day. The heart that never loves, is as hard as a brick-bat, as insensible as a pickled clam to all the finer feelings, and a stranger to every delightful emotion. An old bachelor, my friends, whose heart is never warmed with affection, is a miserable nobody in the world. He is as cold blooded as a turtle, and looks as melancholy as a clam. His hopes died as soon as they began to pinfeather—there is no more sentiment in his soul, than there is music in a corn-stalk fiddle—his thoughts are wrapped up in the shroud of self—he knows not the pleasures attendant on the sexual amalgamation of souls—his abode is fixed in the solitary wild of celibacy, where all is cheerless, comfortless and dreary. There he lives and there he dies, unhonored and unwept; and when he is finally carried away by the current of time, we can only say, there goes another parcel of rubbish into the gulf of eternity!

"NUNC DIMITTIS."

These words were frequently uttered by THOMAS JEFFERSON, just before his death. An old poet, MERRICK, gives the prayer in the following lines.

"Tis enough—the hour is come!
Now within the silent tomb
Let this mortal frame decay,
Mingled with its kindred clay.
Since thy mercies oft of old
By thy chosen seers were told,
Faithful now and steadfast prove,
God of truth, and God of love!
Since at length my aged eye
Sees the day-spring from on high,
Son of righteousness, to thee,
Lo! the nations bow the knee;
And the realms of distant kings
Own the healing of thy wings.
Those whom Death hath overspread
With his dark and dreary shade
Lift their eyes, and from afar
Hail the light of Jacob's star;
Waiting till the promised ray
Turn their darkness into day
See the beams, intensely shed,
Shine o'er Sion's favored head!
Never may they hence remove,
God of truth, and God of love!"

THE HINDU BRAHMIN.

The misery which knowledge—useful as it is—brings on mankind, is finely illustrated by the following touching tale, which we take from the last number of Bentley's Miscellany. The story happened in the career of Mr. Clark, a missionary, who, one day learned to his great joy, that a Brahmin of the very first rank had arrived in the metropolis. Determined to bring matters to an issue, Clarke wrote to him, and begged him to meet him on a certain day, when he undertook to convince him (the Hindoo priest) of the errors of his faith. To this the Brahmin consented, and at the time appointed the Heathen and the Christian champion met to discuss, in the presence of several witnesses, the merits of their respective creeds.

As is usual in political discussions, the controversy was opened by several inconsequential queries and answers. For half an hour neither party had put forth a startling proposition; the wily Indian taking care to confine himself to the defensive. Tired at length by this scene, Clarke suddenly and abruptly asked him:

"Are you forbidden to eat anything in which animal life exists?" "I am."

"Have you ever broken through this law?" "Never."

"May you not unconsciously have been led into this crime?" "Impossible!"

"Will you swear to it?" "Most solemnly I do."

"Do you ever eat pomegranates?" "Daily."

"Bring me some of the fruit, then," rejoined Clarke, turning to a servant. His orders were complied with; the pomegranates were brought.

"Choose one." The Brahmin did so. "Cut it in two." With this direction he complied. "Place it here," and Clarke assisted him to put it beneath a microscope. "Now look at it."

"The Brahmin did so; but no sooner did he apply his eye, than he started back with affright. The fruit was perfectly alive with animalcule. The puzzled Hindoo drew out the pomegranate (which, perhaps, my readers are not aware is more closely filled with insects than any other fruit,) looked at it, examined it, replaced it, and again beheld the myriads of living creatures with which it was rife. He felt it with his hand, to convince him that there was no trick in the affair. Then suddenly drawing himself up, he slowly uttered "*Bus such hi.*" ("Enough—it is true."

"You acknowledge, then, that you have sinned unconsciously! That every thing being filled with animalcule, invisible to the naked eye, you can neither eat nor drink without committing a crime!"

The abashed Hindoo bowed.

"Shall I show you how full of similar insects every drop of water is!" "No! I have seen enough."

"Do you desire further proof?" "I have a favor to ask."

"What is it? If I can, I will grant it."

"Give me your microscope. I cannot buy it; give it me."

Clarke paused for a moment, for he had that morning paid ten guineas for it; and, being a poor man, he could ill afford to part with it. But, as the Indian was urgent, almost to entreaty, he at length consented, (especially as he thought the other would afford him in return some curiosity of equal value,) and presented it to him.

The Brahmin took it, gave one look of triumph round the hall, and suddenly raising his arm, dashed it into a thousand atoms on the marble floor.

"What do you mean by this?" exclaimed Clarke, in undisguised astonishment.

"It means, Sir Christian," replied the Hindoo, in a cold, grave tone, "It means that I was a happy, a good, a proud man. By means of yonder instrument you have robbed me of all future happiness. You have condemned me to descend to my grave wretched and miserable."

With these words the unfortunate Brahmin quitted the hall, and soon after retired up the country.

ROGERS.

AN ITALIAN SONG.

Dear is my little native vale,
The ringdove builds and murmurs there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

THE MINER.

"There's danger in the mines old man," I exclaimed to an aged miner, who, with his arms bent, leaned against the sides of the immense vault, absorbed in meditation; "it must be a frightful life."

The old man looked with a steadfast but somewhat vacant stare, and then in half broken sentences he muttered, "danger—where is there not—on the earth, or beneath it, on the mountain, or in the valley; on the ocean, or in the quiet of nature's most hidden spot: where hath not death left some token of his presence?"

"Truly," I replied; "but the vicissitudes of life are numerous; the sailor seeks his living on the waters, and he knows each moment that they may engulf him; the hunter seeks death in the wild woods, the soldier in the field of battle, and the miner knows not but the spot where he now stands, to-morrow may be his tomb!"

"It is so, indeed," replied the old man; "we find death in the means we seek to perpetuate life; 'tis a strange riddle, who shall solve it!"

"Have you long followed this business?" I asked, somewhat struck with the old man's appearance.

"From a boy—I drew my first breath in the mines—I shall yield it up in their gloom."

"You have seen some of their vicissitudes," I said, "to which you just now alluded!"

"Yes," he replied, with a faltering voice, "I have. There was a time when three small boys looked up to me and called me father. They were sturdy striplings. Now it seems but yesterday, they stood before me in all the pride of their strength, and filled, too, with a father's vanity. But the Lord chasteneth the proud heart. Where are they now? I saw the youngest—he was the dearest of the flock—his mother's spirit seemed to have settled on him—crushed on my feet, a bleeding mass; we were together—so near that his hot blood sprung into my face. Molten lead had been less lasting than those fearful drops. One moment, and his light laugh was in my ears—the next, and the large mass came; there was no cry of terror, but transition to eternity was as the lightning's flash—and my poor boy lay crushed beneath the fearful load. It was an awful moment, but time, that changeth all things, brought relief, and I still had two sons. But my cup of affliction was not yet full. They, too, were taken from me. Side by side they died—not as their brother, but the fire damp caught their breath, and left them scorched and lifeless. They brought them home to the old man; his jewels—them whom earth's richest treasures in his sight had no price—and told him he was childless and alone. It is a strange decree that the old plant should survive the things it shaded, and for whom it would have died a thousand times. Is it surprising that I should wish to die here in the mines?"

"You have indeed," I replied, "drunk of affliction, whence do you derive consolation?"

The old man looked up. "From Heaven; God gave and he taketh away—blessed be his name!"

I bowed my head to the miner's pious prayer, and the old man passed on.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

Oh! for the calm oblivious rest
Of those who in yon churchyard lie;
There no sad dreams disturb the breast,
All, all is deep tranquillity.

No racking thoughts their sleep invade,
Like those which round my sad heart press,
Of severed ties—of faith destroyed,
And warm hopes turned to bitterness.

Yet are there some who dread thee, Death,
And tremble at thy peaceful name,
That seals the eye—and draws the breath—
And bears us far from grief and pain.

But, oh! worn out with sad oppress,
I, for whom life hath never smiled,
How gladly would I gain Earth's breast,
Her wearied, lone, forsaken child.

A WORD FOR BOOK-BORROWERS.

Those who have collected books, and whose good nature has prompted them to accommodate their friends with them, will feel the sting of an answer which a man of wit made to one who lamented the difficulty which he found in persuading his friends to return the volumes which he had lent them. "Sir," said he, "your acquaintances find, I suppose, that it is much more easy to retain the books themselves, than what is contained in them." I would just observe here, that nothing can be more mean and unkind than to borrow books of persons, and to keep them as is too frequently the case. If my friend gratifies my request in lending—if, by so doing, he saves me the expense of purchasing—or if, also, by the loan, I gain considerable information or intellectual profit—it is base and ungrateful either to suffer the book to be injured or not to return it. I give this as a hint to some who are more in the habit of borrowing than returning books.—*Buck's Anecdotes.*

LESSON IN QUARRELLING.

If unluckily you should by chance get into a dispute, the best way is to stop short, and ask your antagonist to enter into a consideration of what the point of debate is. This is apt to have a cooling effect on both parties, and to result in a clear understanding of the real question.

A few years since, I happened to be travelling in a stage coach, where, among half a dozen passengers, there were a Frenchman and an Englishman. There seemed to be a sort of cat and dog feeling between them; for if one opened his lips the other was sure to fly at the observation with the teeth and claws of dispute. As we were driving along, the Englishman spoke of a sheep he had seen in some foreign land, with a tail so long as to drag upon the ground. Thereupon, the Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, curled his lip, lifted his eyebrows and took a pinch of snuff.

"What do you mean by that?" said the Englishman, not a little nettled at the contemptuous air of his rival.

"Vat do mean?" said the latter; "I meane dat a sheep has not got von tail at all."

"A sheep hasn't got a tail, he!" said the Englishman.

"No, not von bit!" said the Frenchman.

"Well, this comes from eating frogs," said John Bull. "What can you expect of a man who eats frogs? You say a sheep hasn't got a tail. I tell you, mounseer, a sheep *has* got a tail."

"Pardon, monsieur," said the other, with a polite bow, yet with a very sneering expression; "I say de sheep has *no* tail, not ven bit."

By this time the parties were greatly excited, and, cannot say what might have happened had not one of the passengers asked the Frenchman what he meant by a *sheep?*"

"Vat do I mean by *sheep?* vy I meants one big larch thing with sails and rudder, that goes upon de sea."

"Oh, ho!" said the Englishman, "you mean a *ship.*"

"Oui, monsieur," was the reply; "I mean von sheep that has de captain and de sailors and vat goes on de vater."

"Very well, sir," says the Englishman, "I meant a *sheep*, a creature of four legs, and covered with wool."

"Ah, you mean von *sheep* vit de vool," said the other. "Oui, oui, monsieur; de sheep vit de vool has de tail. Oui, oui."

This incident taught me a lesson, and I give it gratis to my readers—if they ever get into controversy let them consider whether one of the parties does not mean a *ship* and the other a *sheep*.

The Olio.

THE CONFESSION.

There's something on my breast, Mary,
A something heavy there;
Shall I tell you what it is—Mary,
Oh I think 'twill ease my care.

I cannot take my rest, Mary,
And sleep is sweet you know;
Say, can you nothing do—Mary,
To help me—oh dear! oh!

I am not in love—Mary,
It was pleasant for a day,
When I called you duck and dove—Mary,
But the fever went away.

It is not that I doubt you—Mary,
I never can do that,
And though you did deceive me—Mary,
I gave you tit for tat.

I am not deep in debt—Mary,
Nor owe a single fip,
And my health is very good—Mary,
Why should I get the hip!

I'll tell you what it is—Mary,
That makes me feel so queer,
It's those cursed apple dumplings—Mary,
A sticking just in here!

ANECDOTES OF JUDGE LIGHTFOOT.—This gentleman was a very celebrated member of the Rhode Island Bar, and an apt relator of anecdotes. Mr. Updike in his late work says that the judge thus told an incident of one of his journeys to Connecticut. He once travelled from Newport to Pomfret, and was overtaken by a snow storm without an overcoat. He stopped at a public house for refreshments, and the inquisitive landlady propounded to him several questions. "Where was he from?" "from Newport;" "where was he bound?" "to visit the six nations;" "had he no great coat?" "he never wore one;" "how many children had he?" "nine." She screamed out, "husband, husband; come here; here is a man with nine children, and never wears a great coat, when I have made you a dozen, and we never had one!" "The Judge," says Updike, "abhorred pedantry." One of the Appletons, vainly priding himself in classical attainments, to his great annoyance was in the habit of throwing out quotations from Homer and Hesiod. The Judge becoming vexed beyond further endurance, asked him if he recollected this line,

"Shouldero mutton his pastero venison."

Appleton replied, "he well recollected that beautiful line of Hesiod," and the Judge was well satisfied with the quiz.

WHIMSICAL CALCULATIONS.—What a noisy creature man would be were his voice, in proportion to his weight, as powerful as the grasshopper's, which may be heard at the distance of one-sixteenth of a mile. The kolibri weighs about an ounce, so that a man of ordinary size weighs about as much as 4000 kolibris. One kolibri must weigh at least as much as four grasshoppers. Assuming then, that a man weighs as much as 16,000 grasshoppers, and that the voice of one of these may be heard at the distance of one-sixteenth of a mile, that of a man, were it in proportion to his weight, would be audible at the distance of 1000 miles, and when he sneezed he would run the risk of bringing the house about his ears, like the walls of Jericho at the sound of the trumpets. Assuming further, that a flea weighs a grain (which is something above its real weight,) and that it is able to clear one inch and a half at a spring, a man of one hundred and fifty pounds weight would, by the same rule, be able to make a spring over a space of 12,800 miles, and consequently leap with ease from New York to Cochin China, or round the world in two jumps!

ERROR OF OUR POETS.—Too many of our living poets have seemed to take pride in building their fame on the sands. They have chosen for their subjects the diseases of the heart—the sad anomalies of humanity—the turbulent and guilty passions which are but for a season. Their renown, therefore, must necessarily decline as the species advances. Instead of tracing out the lineaments of the image of God indelibly impressed on the soul, they have painted the deformities which may obscure them for a while but can never utterly destroy them. Vice, which is the accident of our nature, has been theme instead of those affections which are its groundwork and essence. "Yet a little space, and that which men call evil is no more." Yet a little space, and those wild emotions—those horrid deeds—those wild aberrations of the soul—on which some gifted bards have delighted to dwell, will fade away like the phantoms of a feverish dream.—*Talfourd.*

SERENADE.

We find in the Evening Express of this city, the following:

"Oh! Polly, poke your night-cap out,
And listen to my sighess;
My heart it beats a 'rub-a-dub-dub,'
And my eyeses how they crises;
Then haste, dear Molly, haste away,
Day breaks, and time it flieses,
Oh! come and take me to your arms,
Or I'll lie down here and dieses;
The stars are going out, my love,
And the sun, oh, see it rises
And I am going! going! GONE! (falls.)
Be-cause—you—me—de—spi—ses!" (dies!)

SWIVELLERISM.—The reporter of the Aurora tells the following story of a quarrelsome man and wife. Dick White and his wife lead a deuce of a life; from their always a fighting, and scratching and biting, and kicking up shindies and breaking the windies; and getting their fill, of hauls off to the mill. And last night Dicky White, and his lady so bright, got blue, and of course, had a beautiful fight; for with fists and with feet, and with broomsticks so neat, each other almost into mummies they beat. But ere they were kilt, or much blood had been spilt, apprised by the din, a watchman came in, and soon to that battle so grim put a stop, by marching the combatants off to the shop. But this morning Dicky White, and his rib were all right, for they kissed and made up in the magistrate's sight, and vowed that together no longer they'd fight. And therefore the Court gave them orders to trot. So Dick and his rib toddled off like a trot.

WOMAN—A "Floral Lexicon," complete as follows:—

Whate'er has beauty, worth, or power,
Or grace, or lustre, is a *flower*:
Woman's a flower—is her we trace,
Some blossom of the mind or face!
Does woman lead the courtly dance?
We hail the *Flower of Elegance*
Does fashion's wreath adorn her brow?
The *Flower of Taste* is woman now.
In woman's mien, in woman's mind,
The twin-born *Flowers of Grace* we find;
And, in her blushing cheek, we see
The *Royal Rose of Dignity.*
The Lily, symbol of her youth,
Blooms near her heart, the *Flower of Truth*;
And more, the violet buds express
The *Flowerets of her tenderest!*

THE DEPARTED.—Dr. Johnson most beautifully remarks, that "when a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuse for every weakness, and palliations of every fault; we recollect a thousand endearments which before glided off our minds without impression; a thousand favors unrepaid, a thousand duties unperformed, and wish, vainly wish, for his return; not so much that we may receive as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which before was never understood." How much better if a little more of this kindness could be extended to the *living*, which is bestowed with so much prodigality upon the unconscious *dead*.

OLD MR. LEFEVRE, father of the present Speaker of the House of Commons in England, was some years ago the principal partner in a banking establishment in London. To a man who was in the frequent habit of overdrawing his account, he said one day:—"Mr. ——, you don't seem to know what banking is: I will enlighten you. It is my business to take care of your money, but I find you are always taking care of *mine*. That is not doing business on correct banking principles."

OUR VIRTUES AND INTERESTS.—Our virtues lose themselves in our interests, as the rivers lose themselves in the sea.

AN UNSEEMLY QUESTION.—"Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" said a magistrate who was placing the indissoluble knot of matrimony on a couple mutually attached to one another, in Illinois. "Well, I swear, squire," said the male partner to the contract—a wolfish looking customer, by the way—"you must be a green one to ask such a question as that air. Do you think I'd be such a plaguey fool, old feller, as to lose the sport of the bar hunt, and take this gal off from the quilting frolic, if I wasn't *conscriptiously* sartin and determined to hitch on to her? Drive on now with the business, squire, and ask me no more such darn'd foolish questions as that."

A PLAYER'S REPARTEE.—When Heywood, on his return from banishment, presented himself before his royal mistress, "What wind has blown you hither?" asked Queen Mary.

"Two especial ones," replied the comedian; "one of them to see your Majesty."

"We thank you for that," said Mary; "but I pray for what purpose was the other?"

"That your Majesty might see me."

GRACE AFTER DINNER AT A MISER'S TABLE.

"Thanks for this miracle; it is no less
Than finding manna in the wilderness.
In midst of famine we have found relief,
And seen the wonder of a chin of beef.
Chimneys have smoked that never smoked before,
And we have dined where we shall dine no more."

HOW TO LIVE.—If a man cheats you, stop dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is or how he misuses you, the best way is just to let him alone; for nothing is better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

ODD.—In our exchange papers we lately noticed the following marriages, which we republish under appropriate heads:—
Going Ahead.—Mr. John Going to Mrs. A. Head.
All Right.—Mr. Levi All to Miss Jane Wright.
Short and Sweet.—Mr. James Short to Miss Emeline Sweet.

MR. BRUNEL'S TOE NAIL.—A Frenchman, speaking of Mr. Brunel, the engineer of the Thames Tunnel remarked—"Monsieur Brunel is a great man—giant engineer—his great toe-nail (tunnel) goes all across de river Thames onder vater from von side to de oder."

THE BEST POLICY.—The best policy in politics, as in other matters, is truth. Misrepresentation may secure a temporary advantage, but it can never result in permanent good.

POLITE LITERATURE.—The phrase "shut up your head, you Indian bullfrog!" may be better rendered—"Close your cranium, you aboriginal pond croaker!"

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Francis S. Osgood,	Mrs. Caroline F. Orne,
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